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Soldiers' Sing-Song

Painting by WEP

She made millions out of manners

When America wants to know which fork it asks Emily Post

By HILDEGARDE DOLSON

Most-publicised woman in the United States is undoubtedly Eleanor Roosevelt.

If—leaving out Hollywood—you conducted an inquiry into the runners-up you would probably find Dorothy Thompson, the international commentator, second, and next a commentator in a very different sphere, Emily Post.

FOR Emily Post rules the American realm of social usage; in fact, she is probably the best-known authority on etiquette in the world.

And while table manners and precedence don't seem to matter so much in this war-ridden world, Emily Post at date of writing is still answering 6000 letters a week in the States (and making a fortune) from people who want to be sure they "do the right thing."

When she wrote "Etiquette, the Blue Book of Social Usage," nearly twenty years ago, the publishers thought they had a white elephant. Since then it has sold 750,000 copies.

Her secretaries answer about two-thirds of the mail by sending printed slips covering every subject from travel etiquette to weddings.

Letters requiring personal attention go direct to the indefatigable Mrs. Post.

The most frequent S.O.S. from husbands is, "How can I go to bed when company stays too long?" (Mrs. Post says it's up to the wife to drop hints, "Poor Jim has to get up so early.")

One husband wrote that he was tired of having his life run to suit Emily Post. Answering such letters, and aggrieved queries about "Why can't I eat my peas with a spoon from a separate saucer?" Mrs. Post is inclined to side with the men.

"Don't let her put anything over on you," she wrote to one surprised husband.

Most difficult letters to answer are from women. One stated simply:



"I am going to live in South America. Please tell me everything I should know."

Women also write about the manners of movie stars and debutantes.

"I'm enclosing a picture of a society girl in a night-club who is combing her hair at the table. I thought you said that was bad manners," said one letter tartly.

Mrs. Post replied, "It's not only bad manners, it's inexcusable."

Now in her sixties, the author of "Etiquette" is a vital, handsome woman with brown hair, deep-set blue eyes, and restless energy.

In the realm of etiquette, her most violent phobia is the hostess who serves herself first, a practice she condemns as "breaking the first law of civilised hospitality."

Her attitude towards the wrong fork and other social lapses is elastic. Her own worst difficulty is absent-mindedness.

On one occasion friends who had had dinner and a pleasant evening at Mrs. Post's were startled as they rose to leave.

Yawning, their hostess went around the room, switched off all the lights and started towards her bedroom.

One woman recovered her voice

to say reproachfully, "Well, Mrs. Etiquette!" Emily Post, daughter of a Baltimore architect, was fitted by birth and temperament to write about etiquette. She made her debut in 1892, and married a banker the next year.

She divorced her husband in 1904, and set out to support herself and her two sons by novel writing. She was at work on her sixth novel in 1921 when her publishers asked her to write one on etiquette.

Graciously she served tea to their representative and said "No."

One day he sent her every book on etiquette that he could find. By the time she'd read "To eat an olive correctly is proof of culture," and "When you sit next to a Duke at dinner, address him as 'Your Grace,'" her indignation was at fever pitch.

At 3 a.m. she phoned Mr. Duffy to say "I'll do it."

In the next 10 months she turned out some 300,000 words, writing—as was her habit—while seated on a high stool before a drafting table.

At the end of that time she agreed ruefully that the only possible title for the book was "Etiquette."

Despite laudatory reviews from hundreds of newspapers the publishers were still worried. "Your book's too full of footmen," a rival publisher told them jovially.

Suddenly word reached the heads of the publishing firm that stenographers in the firm were making a mad rush to buy "Etiquette."

Then orders from booksellers arrived in wave upon wave. Housewives all over the country sat down to study proper behaviour as portrayed by "Etiquette's" characters, none of whom had less than one butler.

Mrs. Post was bombarded with frantic queries on what to do if you had no butler—or even a maid.

A letter came from a State executive who wanted her advice about engraved letterheads. Mrs. Post rushed to consult a stationery store.

Diving under the counter, the salesman came up with her book. "We always consult this," he explained. Dazed, Mrs. Post thanked him and went home.

As fame gathered momentum, her income skyrocketed. The book still sells about 40,000 copies a year.

More and more "What shall I do?" letters from harried hostesses without butlers prompted Mrs. Post to do a new chapter, Mrs. Three-in-One, for a later edition of "Etiquette."

Mrs. Three-in-One was a miraculous combination of hostess, cook and mother who filled all three roles with ladylike efficiency.

To find out for herself just how women did go about entertaining without a maid, the resourceful Mrs. Post fixed a meal featuring chicken hash and, for a surprise, ice-cream in freezer concealed under her chair. She then served dinner to seven friends, with the aid of casseroles, and created a mild sensation when she reached down and scooped from the freezer.

Most of her close friends, members of conservative New York society, choose to ignore the fact that she has won fame and fortune by "writing books."

One walrus-moustached old gentleman who had known her father sat next to Mrs. Post at a dinner party last spring.

Beetling his brows, he said testily, "All things considered, Emily, what you've done has been quite commendable. But I must say it was rather shocking."

BLUE-BLOODED friends of Emily Post don't approve of the fact that she has earned her own living "writing books." "Rather shocking," one old gentleman called it.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MAJOR N. M. GUTTERIDGE
Queensland blood bank.

MAJOR NOEL M. GUTTERIDGE

chairman of Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service Committee in Queensland, is organising the State's effort as part of the Red Cross Society's plan for a nationwide emergency service. His army position is Assistant Director of Hygiene, Northern Command. He is making Queensland hygienically safe for the army. Tropical hygiene problems have to be overcome.

Dr. Gutteridge is chairman of Queensland Nutrition Council, and he has put into effect his idea of "human gardening"—the deliberate and conscious creation of conditions in which human beings can thrive and flourish.



MRS. L. FOWLER
N.E.S. chief warden.

AUSTRALIA'S only woman

N.E.S. chief warden. Alderman Lillian Fowler, of Newtown, Sydney, has trained more than 1000 wardens. In a recent full-scale N.E.S. test she directed 500 first-aid volunteers and wardens.

Mrs. Fowler was New South Wales' first woman mayor when she was for two consecutive terms Mayor of Newtown, which has a population of 26,000.



MR. A. SCHUURMAN
News for East Indies.

REPRESENTING a group of Javanese newspapers, Mr. A. Schuurman, a Dutch journalist, has arrived in Australia to establish an Australia-Dutch East Indies news service. "Interest in Australia grows daily in the Dutch East Indies," he said. Mr. Schuurman expects to remain here at least a year.

Why not get a Lovely Figure for Spring

TO be able to dress inexpensively and always look smart get rid of that accumulated Winter fat. With the aid of Bile Beans you can reduce gradually until you become fashionably and healthily slim.

Besides removing fat-forming residue daily, Bile Beans bring you a clear skin, bright eyes, and radiant health.

So, to wear new Spring clothes with charm and distinction, take Bile Beans regularly—just a couple each night.



"My stage work makes it most important that I take care of my appearance. I keep my splendid health and my figure lovely and slim with the aid of Bile Beans. My skin, too, is clearer and fresher and I am ever so fit."

—Miss Joan Richards.
1/4 or 3/2 a box.

BILE BEANS

RENDEZVOUS



Bearing down fast and coming straight at us was an enemy plane.

Our new three-part serial—an epic of modern warfare by a world-famous author of submarine stories.

I WASN'T any too well pleased with the assignment. A submarine can expect to be sent out on a fairly wide variety of missions and lots of them will yield only hard labor and long periods of nerve-racking strain. After a while you come to realise that opportunities to do something effective are few and far between.

If chance or fine staff work puts your ship in a position to make an attack you are in for some intense action for a few minutes. It's more than likely, though, that you will spend a good many weeks at sea, submerged all day and frantically charging batteries all night, without seeing a thing of interest.

Then, if you relax your vigilance one iota, disaster is quite certain to pile on top of you without much warning.

A good ship deserves the opportunity of developing her full military effectiveness. The worst of this was that I had been manoeuvred into such a position that I couldn't very well grumble about it.

When the force-commander asked me to go with him to a conference with the patrol wing-commander and the chief of staff from the big flag, I had a premonition that I was going to be put on the spot. There wasn't any good or apparent reason why he should have picked on me to tag along.

Looking back I can see that I was framed and I'll bet even money that the only impromptu lines spoken at that conference were my own. As soon as the chief of staff commenced talking I could read the handwriting on the bulkhead as plain as could be.

Captain Tolliver, the chief of staff, was a blunt man, and he didn't waste words in reviewing the situation. We had rather reliable information that the enemy was preparing a big expedition at the port of Basoko.

Things like that are hard to conceal. They are bound to get out in spite of the tightest censorship. He didn't have all the details, but

everything pointed to something important afoot. If the enemy ever got to sea with a well-organised expedition there were plenty of vulnerable spots he could head for, and very little we could do in defence.

Basoko was a good three thousand miles away, and there wasn't anything we could throw into that area but some light forces to harass him a little. It was an open and shut case for some heavy bombing at the port of embarkation while the troops and the transports were concentrated and wide open for it.

At that point the patrol wing-commander came down with the obvious information that it was too far away for his bombers to carry a heavy load of bombs. There was nothing new in that, but we spread out the charts to have another look.

I think we all had a good mental picture of the sea area involved, but when I looked at the chart it seemed to me that Moab, the name of a tiny group of barren rocks, stood out as though it had been printed in red. Its strategic location, less than a thousand miles off the enemy coast, must have been just as apparent to everyone.

"If we could arrange to fuel our planes there," the patrol wing-commander announced, pointing to Moab, "we might be able to do something interesting at Basoko."

That was pretty apparent, too, but the difficulties in the way were so well known that no one bothered to recount them. Moab was two thousand miles away from any effective support. The way was flanked by innumerable islands on which the enemy had a host of patrol craft, planes, and submarines. Even if the battle fleet was immediately available, which it wasn't, two thousand miles was a long way to send it to support a raid.

To risk the big ships out there the enemy bases would have to be reduced one by one, and that meant a long campaign. No one had the

spirit to court disaster by accepting a fleet action two thousand miles from a repair base, with injured ships running that gauntlet to get back to a dry dock. A carrier with strong cruiser protection might make a touch-and-go operation of it. But it was risky, and we had too few carriers to gamble them in that fashion.

No one spoke for a few seconds, and I knew that the patrol wing-commander's remark was my cue.

"We could throw some submarines out there and fuel your planes," I volunteered.

From the looks on the faces bent over the chart desk I knew that everyone was glad that I hadn't muffed my lines. I think that except for my part in it everything had been carefully rehearsed.

My force-commander had the grace to say, "I had mentioned to them the discussion we have had about the feasibility of such an operation."

I grinned. In my next reincarnation I hope I have sufficient wisdom to keep my mouth shut about things that aren't my own

trained for one primary purpose. To reach her full military effectiveness she ought to be used to accomplish that purpose. As a combat submarine she was a superb weapon. As a tanker for aviation gasoline she might do in a pinch, but she would be pretty inefficient at it and all the training we had gone through was so much wasted effort.

I didn't voice any of these ideas. Long ago when there wasn't the remotest chance of undertaking such an expedition I had been over it all with the force-commander. When the problem had been purely academic I had done most of the arguing on the other side. Now my arguments were coming home to roost.

The bombing of the expeditionary force was a neat little operation and likely to have far-reaching results. As the wing-commander stated, it couldn't be done without refuelling en route. No surface ship had the remotest chance of getting it. A submarine was the logical type of ship to undertake it.

I had been the proponent of some such scheme in the piping times of peace. I had made all the preliminary investigation for carrying out that kind of mission. So I

was the logical man to pick on to try it. I would rather have had a task assignment with some chance of developing the full power of my ship. Wet-nursing a squadron of planes with a cargo of gasoline wasn't going to do that.

But war is like football in some ways. Not everybody can carry the ball. The spectators have their eyes on the ball-carrier, and he is apt to skim off an undue share of the rewards. But he wouldn't get far without a sturdy line to support him. My main trouble was that I fancied my ship as a ball-carrier and the coaches were giving me a forward position to play.

"How long will it take you to get ready and get out there?" the chief of staff asked sharply.

I stepped off the distance on the chart with the dividers and made some rapid mental calculations. We could be sure to encounter at least a few enemy patrols. How long they would delay us by keeping us

submerged was anybody's guess. If they kept us down for protracted periods it would be slow going. The distance we could make submerged was negligible, and when we surfaced after a long run underwater we would have to use at least a portion of our engine-power charging batteries. I made a reasonable allowance for everything and answered.

"Twelve days to two weeks, sir."

"From now?" he asked. "I hadn't figured it so. It would take us at least a day to get ready. We would have to get the reserve fuel tanks ready to take gasoline and there would be quite a bit of gear to assemble. But Captain Tolliver wasn't the man to permit any dallying."

"Yes, sir," I answered. "From now if I have every help in getting ready."

"You'll have everything there is to be had," he answered. "and I'll give you ten days."

I reached for my cap. "I guess I'd better be on my way then," I remarked.

"Just a minute," the patrol wing-commander interrupted. "There must be something you will require from us."

"Yes, sir, there will be," I replied. "I suggest that we carry your bombs. That way the planes can carry reserve fuel supply on the outward trip. Then if it happens that we don't make our rendezvous they might have enough fuel to get back. We can put the bombs aboard the planes at Moab and top off the planes with fuel before they take off to attack."

"A very good suggestion," he replied. "We start the bombs coming over to you in the morning."

"I can let you have two other submarines," the force-commander spoke up. "I wish it could be more, but I haven't them available. When word of the raid finally breaks we can expect some kind of activity around the enemy's bases. I want to establish submarine patrols there to see if we can't take advantage of it. Two submarines should be able to take care of the refuelling. If I give you three it will provide for certain—er—contingencies. Which ships would you prefer?"

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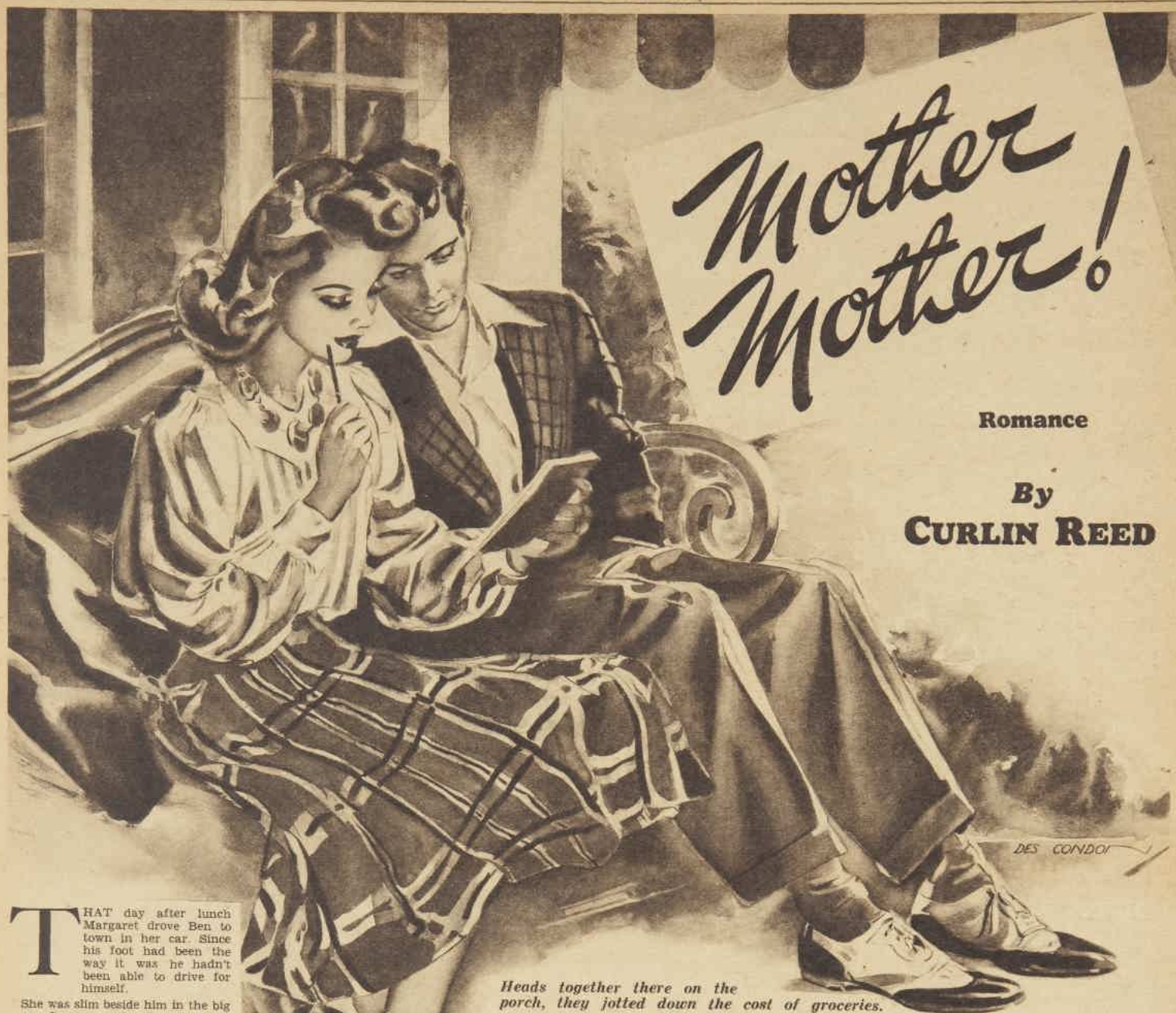
By ALEC HUDSON

particular business. It used to be that every time I talked myself into a tight spot I would firmly resolve to hold my tongue in the future. I have broken those resolutions so often that I've given up trying any more.

This expedition wasn't going to be any more gruelling and certainly no more hazardous than any of the operations the rest of the submarines were being called on to undertake. The point was that we would have all the work and all the risks the others were taking, but even if the expedition was spectacularly successful our part in it would be comparatively minor.

I had spent a good many years training myself and my crew how to handle the ship in a torpedo attack. Together we had risked the ship and our collective necks in countless practice approaches. I thought we were pretty good at it.

The Neptune had been designed and built and her crew had been



Romance

By
CURLIN REED

Heads together there on the porch, they jotted down the cost of groceries.

THAT day after lunch Margaret drove Ben to town in her car. Since his foot had been the way it was he hadn't been able to drive for himself.

She was slim beside him in the big car. Some people thought that with her snow-white hair and that young face Margaret Craddock was even prettier than she had ever been.

Downtown they stopped in front of the office and Ben sat there a minute, dreading to get out. "By golly, the hardest thing I have to do is to get out of a car. I believe I'll try backing out this time. And then you hand me the crutches."

"All right, I'll hand them to you." She laughed at him, but her eyes were tender.

The loud chugging of a car suddenly filled the canyon of the narrow street between the two blocks of little two-story brick buildings.

"Here comes Emerald," Ben said. He didn't even have to look up.

The ancient vehicle came to a stop beside the big car. There was little more than enough room for a car to pass on the other side, but Emerald didn't care. She always stopped where she pleased—the middle of the street or anywhere else.

Some people said Emerald Tasket was the richest person in town. Next to the Becks, of course. There were fabulous tales of her wealth and her economies. She wore a man's shirt and a Panama hat that had been rained on a great many times. It drooped rakishly over one eye.

She leaned comfortably on the wheel and grinned at Margaret and Ben.

"Well, Ben, how's the gout?" "Better," he admitted. "All the same, I don't believe I've got the gout."

"Think you know more than the doctors, huh?"

She and Margaret laughed at the scowl on his good-looking face, as good-looking, in a different way, now that he was heavy, as it had been when he was young and still slim.

"Well, Margaret," Emerald said, "are you about to get Peggy packed and back to school?"

"She goes day after to-morrow, Emerald." Just to speak of Peggy made Margaret's face light up instantly with pride and enthusiasm.

How she does worship the child, Emerald thought.

For that matter, they were both silly about her—Margaret and Ben, too. She was their only one. But Margaret was worse than Ben. Last year they had sent Peggy to that expensive college near Boston—apparently nothing nearer home was good enough—and now she was about ready to go back. Margaret put the child on such a pedestal, not telling what she expected for her in the way of a husband. Maybe a Rockefeller.

"Emerald," Ben said, "come over to-night and let's have some bridge. We'll call somebody else. I tell you: you come on for supper. I prophesy Bessie'll have lemon-meringue pie."

"For the gout, huh? Anyway, that's okay by me. I haven't the gout. I'll come."

When Margaret got home, Peggy had already gone. She had said she was going somewhere with Ted Ingram, because this would be his last afternoon in town.

Ted was leaving in the morning for California, to go to work in an aeroplane plant; to be workman and

student at the same time. This was what he had wanted to do as soon as he was out of high school, but his mother had made him go to college first. She had hoped he would get over it, but he hadn't.

Margaret went into Peggy's room and stood there in the middle of the floor, looking around her, with enjoyable anticipation, at the confusion of trunk and bags and boxes. She didn't care if Peggy was out of the way for a little while this afternoon. It would give her a chance to do some of the packing.

She went over to the desk, and that was when she saw the white envelope propped against the little vase. The words, "For Mother and Daddy," in Peggy's round, childish, yet, at the same time, assured hand-writing, stood out so large and clear on the white paper that she wondered how she had missed seeing it the minute she came in the room.

SHE picked it up, smiling. She knew what it was. It must be one of Peggy's little thank-you notes. She must be thanking them for sending her to school. It wasn't the first time she had left such a note. The first time had been as long ago as when they had given her her pony. Margaret opened it and read:

"Dear Mother and Daddy: I hardly know how to write this. By the time you find it Ted and I will be married. We are leaving now for Clinton to get married. Ted will be in California a year, maybe two years, and we have decided we can't bear to be separated that long. I don't need to go to school any longer. Really I don't. After all, you know, I'm not smart enough to be a career girl or anything like that. I think I'm cut out just to be a wife—Ted's wife."

"I know you and daddy will think we won't be able to live on what Ted makes—at first, at least—but really we can. We have figured the price of rent, food, everything, and we know we can make it. Even if we do have just a tiny cheap apartment, I can do things to it and make it pretty. And I won't be lonesome while Ted is away all day. I'll have my marketing to do, and the house-keeping—and a good deal of poring over cookbooks, I suspect. Even though we will be in a perfectly strange city where we don't know anybody, we won't be lonesome, because we will be together. We will have lots of fun on Sundays, going places, seeing the sights. We never are lonesome anyway, or wish we had somebody with us, as long as we are together."

"Please, please, understand how much I love you and how much I love Ted."

Your own,
"PEGGY."

Margaret looked up. The corners of her mouth turned down in an unbelieving grimace. Outside, the sun was still shining; the white, green-shuttered house, Ben's grandmother's house, where they had lived ever since they married, was still and quiet around her. It didn't seem right. There had been such a crash inside her, it seemed it should be outside, too.

She looked down again at the quivering paper in her hand. So that was what they had been doing the other afternoon down on the porch. She had seen their two heads bent over a paper and had thought they were playing tick-tack-toe, or some similar foolishness—they could be that absorbed, no matter what it was—and instead they had been figuring the cost of groceries.

Then the emotion that suddenly swept through her was one of being

personally thwarted. Peggy couldn't do this to her. This wasn't what she had planned for Peggy. Why, she had been pouring all her strength into her ambitions for Peggy. In these last few years since Peggy had been growing up into a young lady she had considered everything first in the light of its advantage to Peggy.

She had known, of course, how much Peggy and Ted had been together this summer. Naturally, she had known. But she had thought that the helpless, serious love was all on Ted's side. She expected Peggy to be popular, to have boys in love with her. She expected nothing less. But this! Why, she had never even been able to visualise that it would be just one of the home boys Peggy would finally marry. Where Peggy was concerned her horizons had no limits.

Suddenly the consciousness of her own superior adult strength as compared with Peggy's and Ted's came back to Margaret. Her mouth set itself with determination. Nothing would be changed. Nothing! She would see to that. She suddenly even felt calm, she knew so well what to do. It hadn't occurred to them how easy, how simple it would be for her to stop them. They hadn't thought of that.

She went quickly out in the hall and sat down at the telephone. She picked it up and called long distance. "Give me the county-court clerk at Clinton." Was that, she asked herself swiftly, the one who wrote marriage licences? She thought so. "Yes, the county-court clerk at Clinton."

Then the operator said, "Here is your call to Clinton. Ready with your call to Clinton, Mrs. Craddock." Those operators down there knew everybody in town.

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TROUBLE FORWARD

There was no time to think about danger—he had to act promptly.

"So," Robert Meedan said bitterly to his mother, "when everything else fails to stop me, you discover a feeling of disaster!"

Mrs. Meedan stiffened. She said: "Why, Robert, what on earth's come over you?"

Robert didn't know what had come over him; he felt a strange confusion of emotions—but anger, fury, was the clearest one.

"You've kept telling me for twelve years that an aeroplane would kill me if I ever put my foot in one. You've known I wanted to fly more than anything; but all you've tried to do is frighten me—make me a yellow little—"

His voice leaped up an octave, and he paused an instant, gripping the steering-wheel savagely, knuckles white. He hated himself for that boyish break in his voice; he hated himself for being soft and cowardly inside. He ought to tell his mother he was going, and then go. . . . And suddenly he knew he had to do that. He was eighteen, and sooner or later he would have to live his own life.

"Listen, Mother," he said in a deliberate, a very determined voice. "I've been a coward a long time, because you've made me one. But I'm going to try to get over it. I've been afraid of an aeroplane, but I'm going to try to get over that. I'm eighteen, and I won this trip, and I'm going to take it. If you've a premonition, it's because you've had one every day since Dad was killed."

He leaned back against the cushions with a peculiar sense of relief. From here, through the rain-blurred windshield, he could see the special plane, propellers whirling, taxi slowly into position on the loading-ramp. It was a little silly to be afraid to go up in a plane like that, he thought; but his mother's years of smothering affection had left deep scars.

She had always occupied a place of wheedling dominance in his life; she had given him maternal shelter and regimented, tutored guidance; always she had impressed him with his infinite preciousness to her. Since childhood he had been subjected to a routine of rigid, fearful protection against all forms of danger, with aviation stressed as the crowning anathema of them all.

A LITTLE bit, now, he wondered why he had been allowed even the privilege of building model planes. If his mother could have foreseen this moment, she would never have permitted it. But during the last three years he had built more than a hundred models, and had flown them, studying aviation constantly. He supposed it was his father's influence that had spurred him on to build the model that had won this prize, a flight to Boston and a scholarship in an engineering school.

His father he had never known. There was a scrapbook at home, filled with yellowed clippings; and there were some letters from the War Department. There was a medal also; and many times, especially in the last three years, Robert Meedan had studied it in thoughtful reverence, and with a glow of poignant pride read the citation of his father's deed, that long-ago day in the war, just before the wings came off his SE-5 in combat at ten thousand feet.

But the things Robert liked the most to read were the letters other officers had written to his mother. They gave him a clear, proud picture of his father. "Bill Meedan was a scrapper," someone had written, "the roughest, toughest, swiftest guy you ever climbed into a cockpit." And another said: "Bill licked three boches in that last fight, before six others shot his spurs in two. Even then he fought his ship right to the ground."

"Robert," Mrs. Meedan said frantically, breaking in on his thoughts, "I implore you not to go. I lost your father; and I—I can't bear to think of losing you. I wasn't trying to frighten you. I was only try-



The man retreated as he saw Burnham advancing towards him, pistol in hand.

ing to protect you—I have a dreadful feeling that if you go—"

"Nonsense!" Robert Meedan said flatly. Opening the door, he stepped down and lifted out his new brown bag. He'd have to do this quickly; delay would weaken him disastrously. "Be careful, going home," he said, and kissed his mother.

For an instant, seeing fresh tears blur in her eyes, the foundations of his resolutions crumbled while he fought to build them up again. Then he gave her a quick, a very affectionate boyish smile, and fled into the airport waiting-room.

The plane was privately owned, and operated by the amusement company that had offered places on this trip as prizes. With a dull worried sense of the finality of his decision, Robert Meedan went

through the marquee to the ramp, and fought his way against lash of wind.

The plane, massive, silvery, very solid-looking, seemed as safe as a train or bus or car, but the apprehensions built through a dozen years still tugged at him.

Impetuously he thought: "You idiot! Planes come in and leave this city a hundred times a day—and nothing ever happens."

He nodded to the young co-pilot who stood in the open doorway and said pleasantly: "Good morning, sir; take any seat you wish." Robert replied, his voice a husk, then passed up through the aisle and took a place on the left side in the front seat just behind the cockpit.

There was a lighted sign on the front bulkhead which read: "Please Fasten Your Seat Belt."

Robert accomplished that task with a vague sense of having done so many times before.

It was all like that. It wasn't strange and new, the way he had expected. His nervousness had vanished now, and he could concentrate on observation. He could identify everything, knew how each thing functioned. He had read a hundred books on aviation, on the art of flying, on meteorology and navigation. Thinking of that fact, he was chagrined that he had never before found a means of getting off the ground.

Ahead, through the doorway, he caught sight of the pilot when the latter's head was turned, a young man, grave and competent. His grey eyes, Robert saw, had a look just like Bill Meedan's eyes in the pictures, a hard look of imperturbability.

The other passengers came into the cabin quickly. There were two

**Thrilling
short story
By
Leland
Jamieson**

girls who laughed a good deal, talking in unguarded tones. There was a quiet young couple who might have been honeymooning. There were two men, dispirited-looking, who took the seats behind the girls. There was a sour-faced man who complained querulously about something as he came into the cabin.

There was a tall, gaunt, bearded individual who came forward and sat down across the aisle from Robert Meedan, and adjusted himself and put on his seat-belt, smiling so that his deep-set black eyes brightened genially.

"Splendid day to be leaving this infernal country!" he said in an astonishingly deep voice. "I can't stand the cold spring rains."

Robert nodded. He watched through the window as the right engine knifed its prop blades successively upward through the drizzle, before they leaped into a shining disc. The rain was laying a streaked pattern on the windows. The visibility had now become not more than a scant three-quarters of a mile.

Robert Meedan suddenly felt lonely and irresolute and insecure. The pilot revved his engines; the exhausts drummed. Robert stared through his window, seeing the rain, seeing the low drifting clouds above, thinking of his mother, filled with an inspiring dread. Then, miraculously, he saw that the plane was gathering speed swiftly.

There was a lurch, a bounce, a tentative leap. The ground fell away, and the motion seemed gradually dissolved. There was no other sensation, except of incredulity. The earth, dirty, grim and grey, faded into blankness. The universe became one of dark mist that flowed close around the wingtips.

THEY must be flying blind, he knew, from having read about it. They must be climbing through the overcast. Tense minutes lengthened, and suddenly the plane broke out into the tense blue of a clear sky, into the dazzle of sunlight above a table of receding clouds. They were "on top."

Gradually he relaxed. This was nothing, he repeatedly insisted to himself. His mother had been wrong. This was like riding on a train, except that there was, disappointingly, a great deal less to see. The cabin was remarkably quiet. The other passengers were reading, talking, reclining in their chairs for sleep. A little turbulent at first, the air presently became like velvet.

After another interval of time, the co-pilot, bronzed and confident, came back and asked if everything was satisfactory, if there were any questions.

"Yes," said Robert. "How do you navigate, on these long hops above the clouds?"

"Radio beams, and instruments. We have an automatic pilot that does a lot of the actual flying of the plane."

"Yes," said Robert. "I know about the automatic pilot." He smiled boyishly, confessed in a burst of enthusiastic, uninvited confidence: "I want to be an aeronautical engineer. I'd like to fly, but I'll never be a pilot. You men have to have a lot of hours—thousands—don't you?"

"Grinning, the co-pilot rejoined: "The hours don't matter so much. It's experience. A graduate of Kelly has a better technique at the controls than somebody who's been in the game ten years. I know; I'm a young graduate. The Old Man up front never saw Kelly, but he's forgotten more than I'll ever learn about the game. Yet he can't make as good a spot landing as I can. And if the automatic pilot could make turns, and think, it could fly rings around us both! You see?"

Eyes glinting with admiration, Robert nodded eagerly. . . .

For three hours they flew serenely eastward above that high plateau. It seemed, now, not very complicated, not in the least dangerous. Aviation had advanced extraordinarily since that October day in 1918 when his father had been shot down from the sky.

Please turn to page 32

BACK TO NORMAL

Romance in Bermuda

By . . .

ELIZABETH DUNN

MRS. LINDSAY FRAME was asleep in the Bermuda sun. A rug covered her to the chin and a large, black hat drooped over her imperious nose.

Sally MacGregor, her red-headed nurse, looked down upon her fondly and then, trying to still the crashing whisper of her starched white uniform, she slipped into the other deck chair.

"Miss MacGregor!" the old voice cracked like a whip, the old pale eyes snapped open. "Why do you think I brought you down here, anyway?"

Something between tenderness and laughter lit Sally's green eyes. "For a vacation," she replied. "And I still can't get over it—"

"Apparently not," Mrs. Frame agreed acidly. "You're the best nurse I ever had, but you don't seem to have the faintest idea of how to behave on a holiday. Go and take off that boiled dress and that officious cap and those indecently moral shoes and put on something civilised. Every time I look at you, I seem to get a whiff of ether."

Sally stood up. "Very well, Mrs. Frame," she said amiably.

The old eyes examined her from under the extraordinary hat. "I may as well be honest," said Mrs. Frame. "There's another reason for your being here. I want you to entertain Lindsay. He arrives tomorrow."

"Your son?" Sally's heart sank in dismay. "But Mrs. Frame, I can't—I mean I'm a very poor entertainer—"

"I didn't find you so when I was convalescing," said Mrs. Frame firmly. "And Lindsay needs a good vacation before his wedding. You can give it to him. Now, there's no reason to look so alarmed. Just imagine that he has a temperature of 104 and you'll take him quite calmly."

"But—" Sally hesitated. "Where's his fiancée?"

Mrs. Frame looked more arrogant than ever. "Miss Kingston will come down here as soon as she gets back from Paris. She thought," added Mrs. Frame complacently, "that her mother-in-law problem was solved. She's coming down to tell me how glad she is I've recovered in this miraculous fashion. Liar." She leaned back and shut her eyes. "Go on into Hamilton and buy some clothes with that incredible salary I pay you. Some good clothes."

Sally went obediently. She didn't want to buy clothes; she wanted to save every penny. But Mrs. Frame was her employer, and as such must be obeyed. She had to wait for the ferry, and it was so strange to sit idle that it made her feel gully. It was perfectly true—she didn't know how to behave on a holiday. She hadn't had one for three years. She hadn't wanted one. Miss Congreve, the head floor nurse at All Saints, had scolded her. "You can't be a trained nurse all the time, you know," she had said crossly.

"I can," Sally had replied obstinately. "It's the only thing I know how to be, and I like it."

Sally, remembering those conversations, stared into the blue-green water; and suddenly, unbidden and unexpected, Sister Benigna seemed to stand there before her. Sister Benigna with her flesh-colored, powdered face looking out of its frame of cowl like a wise child from a remote window. Sister Benigna was a superhuman nurse and an unforgivable woman, kind and uncompromising, tolerant and utterly convinced of her own beliefs.

"Never forget," said Sister Benigna, "that the world is much bigger than you are."



"Sometimes a situation calls for spirit, even downright selfishness," Lindsay said.

Sally leaned on the dock railing and the greeny-blue water below her turned into a little white room that was Sister Benigna's office ten years ago. Spring had been in the air that warm Sunday. From the door of the emergency ward Sally could remember seeing tenebrous children playing jacks on the kerb.

She could remember the faint pushing green on the branches of the caged-in maples across the street and Tony Rossetti, the ambulance driver, in the doorway. She was young and ready to laugh for no reason; his black eyes were as full of mischief as a faun's, and he wore his white jacket like a costume. The emergency ward was always quiet on Sundays . . . and the ambulance waited outside invitingly.

So they drove off in it . . . Poor Tony. They had been very hard on him for a half-hour's absence. They had been, as a matter of fact, hard on little MacGregor, student nurse. Thirty pink slips they had given her—an unprecedented penalty which meant a month of free work at the hospital after her graduation. No more leave for the year. And after it was all over that gentle, terrifying, exalting talk in Sister Benigna's office . . .

"One of our most promising nurses . . . true material . . . no-hing greater than a really good nurse . . . responsibility . . . Never forget, Sarah, that you're working for humanity." Sister Benigna's eyes shone as pure as candlelight. They made Sally's heart turn over in awe and humility. "You'll be paid for it

in money because you have to live. But you have dedicated your life to something much greater than earning your living—the saving of human lives, the healing of pain. The world is much bigger than you are. And you are the least important person in it. Remember that."

Sister Benigna had lived a beautiful and a dignified life on that credo. Sally went out of her office determined to do the same thing. For eight years she had thought of other people first—doctors whose orders had to be obeyed to the letter, patients who had to be humored or saved, even other nurses who needed MacGregor's spare strength, sympathy, common sense.

AND now she was in Bermuda, doing nothing. She felt suddenly elated. For just a little while she was going to forget Sally MacGregor, nurse, and buy the extravagant clothes of Sally MacGregor, just plain girl. But there was one thing she hadn't counted on—and that was wearing them.

As she walked across the lawn the next afternoon, lost in a nightmare of shyness, alone and terrified in a lovely yellow sweater and a beautifully tailored skirt, her very soul yearned for the dear protection of stiff white uniform. Its official starch was as safe as chain mail.

Inside a uniform she was herself, S. MacGregor, Reg. N. In a flannel skirt she was a strange, unanchored personality.

"And this, Miss MacGregor, is my son," said Mrs. Frame, flipping back the brim of her sinister hat.

The man who shook hands with her had quiet, steady blue eyes, and a nice smile.

"Thank you," he said, "for taking such good care of my mother—"

"Do go away," said Mrs. Frame. "Both of you. Tuck my feet in first."

"Shall we go swimming, Miss MacGregor?" Mr. Frame inquired politely.

"Certainly, Mr. Frame," said Sally in a small voice. She had been swimming twice that day, but Mr. Frame had to be entertained. When they came out and were lying on the beach, Mr. Frame said suddenly: "How on earth did you ever manage my mother?"

Sally glanced at him and her cheeks flamed. She knew exactly what had made him ask that. He thought she was dull and colorless, and without a thought. She wanted to tell him that in the armor of her uniform she was quite different; that she was cool, resourceful, authoritative, intelligent. That the great Dr. Barton called her his best nurse . . .

"Mrs. Frame wasn't at all difficult," she said.

"Her best friends seem to feel," said Mrs. Frame's son, "that her bite is worse than her bark."

Sally laughed, and before she had time to think, she said: "She's Type B." Then at his puzzled look she added quickly, "It's not a medical term, you know. It's just my own. Type B does exactly what he's told until he gets well, and he almost never complains."

"My mother?" Mr. Frame shook his head. "You must have stunned her first with a sharp blow at the base of the skull. What's Type A, by the way?"

"Well, Type A," said Sally, sitting up and digging her toes in the sand, "is the other kind. They love to be ill. The more kinds of medicine they have the better they like it. They insist on calling their doctors at inconvenient hours, and they try to sneak looks at their temperature charts."

"That's me," said Mr. Frame, looking pleased.

"As a matter of fact—" Sally grinned impishly. "It's Henry, too. And wouldn't he be mad if I told him so!"

"Henry?"

"Yes, Henry Bates. The man I'm going to marry. When we've each saved five thousand dollars."

"Oh," said Mr. Frame.

"Because," Sally explained, "Henry believes in financial security. He says marriage is a greater responsibility than most people think."

Please turn to page 28

"TINLEGS" BADER: Wife's gallant toast to hero husband: "To Douglas—wherever he is"



MEMBERS of the heroic Canadian fighter squadron, led by Wing-Commander Douglas ("Tinlegs") Bader, who is the central figure with hands in pockets.

Ace pilot's incredible courage inspired by two women

From MARY ST. CLAIRE by Beam Wireless

"To Douglas—wherever he is."

This was the toast drunk in champagne by Mrs. Douglas Bader to her stocky, brown-haired, deeply freckled husband—Wing-Commander ("Tinlegs") Bader—as his batman packed the artificial leg that was to be flown to him in France, where he is a prisoner of war.

"Bader's Bus Service" has dropped their prisoner-of-war leader this precious parcel by parachute.

The request for a new leg for him came through the International Red Cross after the legless wonder pilot had been forced to bail out of a burning plane over enemy-occupied territory.

WHEN it was known that he needed a new leg, members of "Bader's Bus Service," plying between the south of England and Occupied France, competed so keenly for the honor of dropping the leg that it was finally decided they should do the job as a squadron during one of their fighter sweeps—just as they'd so often flown under his leadership.

It is over a week ago that a quiet girl who had steadfastly watched and waited while her air-ace husband led his squadron in air sweeps over France heard that he was missing.

Waiting for news

SHE was living in a bungalow at Bognor and in the quiet seaside town she spent days hoping against hope that he might turn up.

Then, just when she was giving up hope came news that he was a prisoner of war.

And with the news brought by an R.A.F. officer just when she was in the midst of packing to leave their home came the request for an artificial leg to replace the one which Wing-Commander Douglas Bader, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, had damaged when he parachuted from his plane.

As his batman packed up the leg she and the R.A.F. officer drank a toast in champagne to "Douglas—wherever he is."

There is perhaps no greater story of pluck and daring leadership than that of the gallant, legless Wing-Commander.

And behind it stand two women—his wife, formerly Olive Thelma Edwards, whom he married in 1937, and his mother, whom he regards as his mascot.

Douglas Bader (pronounced Badder) was born in 1910 at Marylebone, London. He was a well-known Rugby footballer, playing with the famous Harlequins Club.

After receiving his commission in

the R.A.F. he was one of the most daring peacetime pilots, thrilling the crowds at the R.A.F. Hendon Air Pageant, with a brother officer in the synchronised aerobatics.

Then he crashed near Reading and both his legs had to be amputated.

During the anxious days of his illness his mother gave him hope and the will to live and make something of his life, even though it seemed for a time that he would always be an invalid.

His mother, who had been married for a second time to the Rector of Sprolborough, had lost one son in an explosion in South Africa, and she was determined she would rescue her second son from a life of helplessness.

Practically living at the hospital, she so inspired everyone with her faith that her son would not only walk but would take up his normal life again, that his marvellous progress soon became taken for granted.

She inspired him with her own confidence, and nine months later he started to use artificial legs.

Holding his mother's arm he learned to walk again, and she taught him, just as when he was a child she had first steadied his tottering footsteps.

In 1933 Bader was discharged from the R.A.F. but took up civil flying, gaining his licence and becoming an oil company salesman to help pay his expenses.

Talked way back

THEN war broke out and the legless pilot so badgered everyone he knew in the R.A.F. that he eventually talked himself back into the service.

Despite strenuous efforts to avoid publicity, Bader became everyone's hero, for he symbolised in himself that dauntless purpose which people felt as the spirit of victory, and "Bader's Bus Service" became an almost legendary fighting unit.

Limless Canadian ex-servicemen subscribed to buy him a special plane. Limless New Zealand soldiers sent him a cigarette-box made of New Zealand wood.



WING-COMMANDER DOUGLAS ("Tinlegs") Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C., famous legless pilot of the R.A.F., now a prisoner of war. Crayon portrait by Captain Cuthbert Orde.

But for all the adulation he remained completely unspoiled.

"My mascot is my mother," he once said, and when he brought down his first Dornier 17 he wrote to her:

"I fired a few bursts at the Dornier and shot it down. You brought me luck."

His plane was decorated with a cartoon of Hitler being kicked through the air by a huge R.A.F. flying boot.

Commanded Canadians

BADER is a strict teetotaler, but an inveterate smoker, rarely being seen without his pipe. He was given command of the "All Canadian" Squadron which played a big part in smashing the daylight raids on London.

He led the squadron in many thrilling encounters, one of the most memorable being the September morning when they met the enemy approaching the Thames and chased them up the river from London Bridge to Hammermith, shooting down three Dorniers, three fighter bombers, and four fighters.

"His language on these occasions was picturesque," one of his squadron told me, "and the Wing-Commander never missed the chance of a scrap."

"Almost before the voice on the loud-speaker finished 'Enemy aircraft approaching base,' he would leap into a car and race for his plane."

I have seen Bader dancing at Bognor, and it is difficult to believe his legs are metal as one watches him piloting his sweet-looking wife across the floor.

I have seen him at the nearby links playing golf—his handicap is nine—and I have seen him playing tennis like a professional.

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N.211.57



EDWARD BOTH in his laboratory checks over new type of electrocardiograph. There is a portable wireless in the laboratory.

Meet "Australia's Edison" —Edward Both, O.B.E. His inventions are saving many soldiers' lives

By a STAFF REPORTER.

"Edison of Australia," Adelaide's Edward Both, O.B.E., designer of the famous Nuffield wooden "iron lung," is turning his inventive genius to aiding the war effort.

From the blood-drying apparatus he assembled a few months ago, bottles of dried blood are speeding off to the theatres of war to save the lives of our fighting men.

A.I.F. hospitals abroad are equipped with a new type of electrocardiograph he invented. This amazing instrument gives instant diagnosis of heart complaints at a patient's bedside.

THE Defence Department is using intrascopes he has made for gun-testing in munitions factories.

Now he is devoting every spare moment to perfecting an instrument for measuring bores of gun-barrels. He is confident that when completed it will be exact to one two hundredths of the thickness of a hair.

A firm cutting second-hand timber used in defence construction jobs got him to invent a nail detector for them.

Run over old timber it flashes a light whenever it crosses a nail even when the nail is imbedded deep below the surface of the wood.

This saves valuable saws being broken by running against unsuspected nails.

He has designed a simplified electric delivery vehicle to aid the petrol shortage and ensure the delivery of essential foods such as milk and bread.

"I can't tell you what else I've made off-hand. Dozens of things," said this tall, good-looking, brown-eyed inventor, interviewed at his flat at Norwood, Adelaide.

Like Edison, Mr. Both thinks more of work than anything else.

Supper might be at any time from 5 to 10 p.m., because when Mr. Both is absorbed in his work time means nothing to him.

Sleep is just as unimportant. Five hours is his usual ration.

He does much of his thinking in the early hours of the morning.

Inventive mood

"NOTHING in the flat is safe from Ted when he is in an inventive mood," said Mrs. Both. "I haven't a tape measure left in the house. Once he sawed the legs off our kitchen safe because he wanted some small blocks of wood in a hurry," she said ruefully.

Favorite relaxation of Mr. and Mrs. Both is tennis. There was a tennis romance. They met on a tennis court about ten years ago, fell in love, and were married.

Mrs. Both was a schoolteacher named Eileen Naughton.

When he was sixteen Both left the little country town of Caltowie, where he had always lived, and came to town.

His first job was at the University workshop, making research apparatus for leading Australian scientist Kerr Grant.

Young Both was in his element.

Then one day he injured his hand rather badly. The doctor who attended to him casually chatted about cardiographs as he dressed the lad's hand.

That set the mechanical mind of young Both working.

He forgot the pain of his hand.

The doctor said he wished he had a portable cardiograph.

"I'll try to make you one," Edward Both volunteered.

Good as his word he set to work and eventually invented a new type of electrocardiograph which showed



MRS. EDWARD BOTH, whose hobby is making engaging doll brides from cellophane drinking straws. She learnt art in New York during the Boths' world tour.

an instant trace of the heart's action. Previously medical men had been using the photographic method. Much valuable time was lost in developing films.

Professor Kerr Grant, realising his assistant's great talent, then helped him start out on his own. He set up a workshop in the old Police Barracks.

In 1937 Mr. Both left for England to market his cardiograph.

Shortly before he sailed, infantile paralysis broke out in South Australia.

Medical authorities approached him about making up some iron lungs.

Setting to work, he produced a simplified type of wooden respirator which saved many lives.

Twelve months later Mr. Both and his wife were listening to a B.B.C. broadcast in London. Programme was interrupted by an SOS for iron lungs for the paralysis epidemic which had broken out there.

Mr. Both went to see Sir Charles McCann, who sent him to the London County Council.

Three hours later he clamped a vice on the arm of a chair in his flat at Maida Vale and started making a wooden pattern of his lung.

As fast as he could manufacture lungs they were rushed by plane and train over England.

Lord Nuffield saw his design on a film and decided to adopt it for his £500,000 grant to supply hospitals throughout the Empire with respirators.

Mr. and Mrs. Both returned to Australia via America.

In America he was acclaimed "The Edison of Australia."

Back in Australia in 1939 he further justified his claim to the title by making an ultra centrifuge for isolating very fine virus. It is believed to be the only one of its type in the British Empire.

Asked what was his greatest ambition now, Mr. Both smilingly replied, "just to make a good job of to-day."

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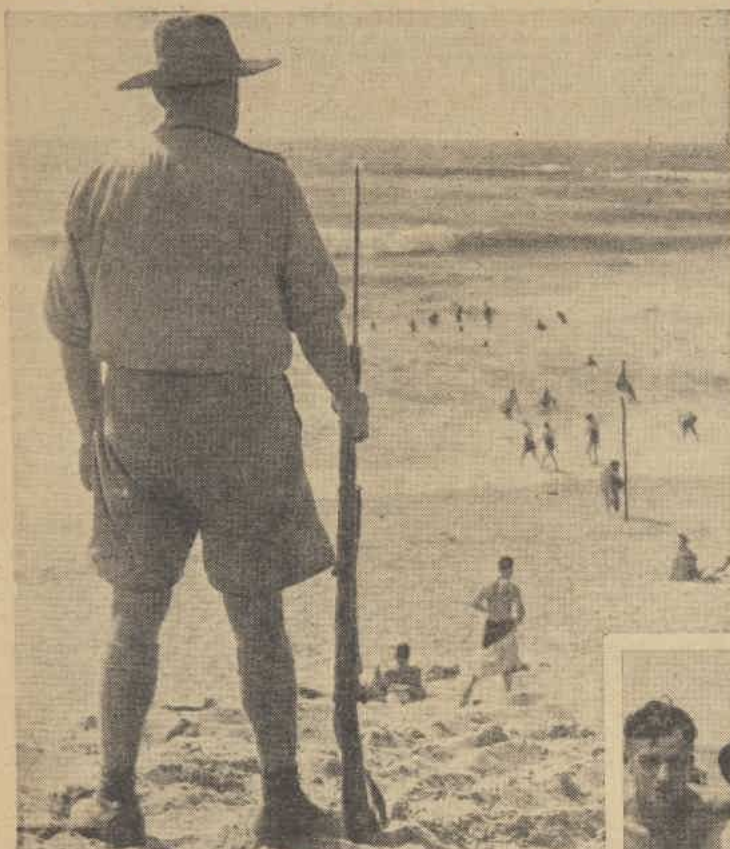
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"WHAT MAKES IT GO?" queries young Jon Moody taking close-up of Edward Both's electric delivery van.

A.I.F. TAKES BONDI BEACH TO GAZA



BEACH at Gaza, Palestine. Sergeant Huxley, who sent these snaps, says: "You bathe between the flags — or else!"



RAY FIELD, Charlie Werner, Sid Smith, and Lloyd Cadden (in front), happy and comfortable on leave after Greek campaign.



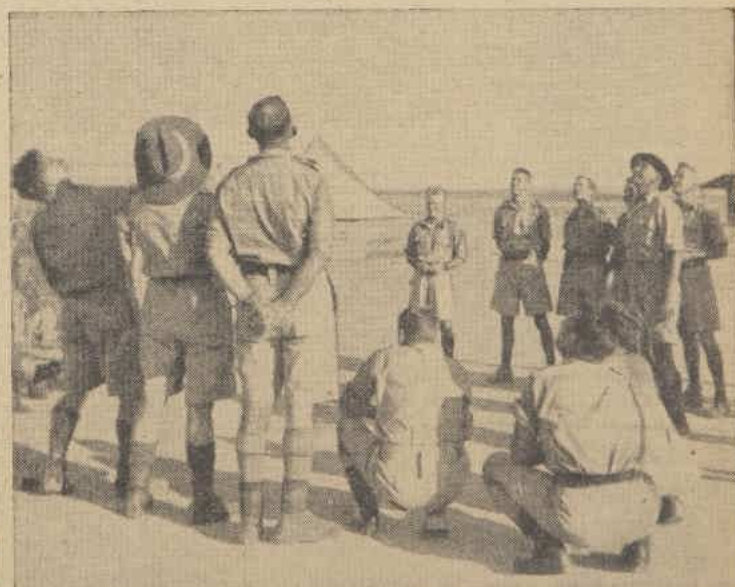
A WELCOME BREAK from duty. Officers and nurses enjoying the sun beside the Mediterranean on the section of Gaza Beach reserved for them.



GAZA looks Australian with surf reel and belt presented by Patriotic Fund. From left: Charlie Knell, Lloyd Cadden, — Griffiths, Cam Fryer, Charlie Price, and Tom Wilkins.



"WHAT A WAR!" Free tea at Australian Comforts Fund depot on beach. These snapshots are from a sergeant attached to a hospital unit.



"HEADS A BOB?"—rupee?—drachma?—piastre?—mille?" After a surf, what could be better than a half-hour playing the great Australian game?

MY force commander had put it tactfully. Two submarines could accomplish all that had to be done, but contingencies certainly should be allowed for in every operation. If he sent three, two could reasonably be expected to get through.

"I'll take the Dryad and the Unicorn," I answered. If he was going to let me have my choice I was going to take only the best. I knew that Needham in the Dryad and Howard in the Unicorn wouldn't let any grass grow under their feet. They wouldn't hold us up getting ready, and they would get through if anybody could.

"That suits me," he answered. "I'll order them to report to you for instructions."

"It's all settled then," the chief of staff decided. "I'll have the operation order in your hands within the hour, but these will be its main points."

"Striking Force Patrol Squadron Two." The patrol commander nodded in agreement.

"Refuelling Group. Neptune, Dryad and Unicorn, with you, Lieutenant-Commander Evans, in tactical command," he went on, looking at me.

"The refuelling group will depart for Moab as soon as they can be ready," he continued. "Take diverging routes to ensure that you all won't be held up by counter submarine activities. On the ninth day after your departure, let me see, that will be the morning of the eighteenth, you will occupy Moab with your refuelling group."

"The striking force will leave on the evening of the seventeenth with reserve fuel but no bombs. They will make a night flight to Moab and contact the refuelling group. Then they will refuel and arm and take off for the attack on the night of the eighteenth."

"After they have completed their attack they will return to Moab for refuelling, leaving as soon as ready. When the last plane is refuelled, the refuelling group will return here by the shortest possible route. It is agreed?"

We all agreed, and I left with the force commander in a hurry. I had a long night's work ahead of me and no time to lose.

I found Needham and Howard more enthusiastic about the whole programme than I was. My instructions

to them were simple. Get ready to go as soon as possible. We would all shove off at about the same time, but we would proceed independently. There was no need to tell them what to do en route. No one knew what difficulties we were likely to encounter, and they were at least as competent as I was to handle the unexpected. We would all carry our tubes loaded with torpedoes, but the re-load torpedoes we would have to put ashore to make storage space for the bombs. On only one thing did I have any specific orders.

If they arrived at Moab before the eighteenth they were to lay low and operate off the island submerged until an hour after sunrise on the designated morning. I assigned areas for each in the vicinity of Moab to take care of that contingency, so we would make no unexpected submerged encounters with each other.

Towards evening I found everything going along all right. Bill Green, my executive officer, had everything well in hand, so I decided I would skin home for an hour to have dinner with my wife and kids. I couldn't tell her where I was going, but I could let her know that we would be gone for two or three weeks.

By the old and efficient grapevine inter-wife communication system she would let the wives of my officers know everything she knew before the ships had cleared the harbor. In times past I had often been annoyed by the speed with which the word got around by that system. There was no reason why I shouldn't use it to advantage when the opportunity offered itself. It would save a lot of anxiety if the women knew we were going to be gone for some time.

When I pulled up into the driveway at home, Bob Watkins, who has the house next door, stuck his head over the hedge.

"Going out for a little trip, Joe?" he asked.

"Why yes, Bob," I answered evasively. "We are going out for a little while again." It wasn't an expedition to be discussed even with a brother officer. None of my people knew any more than had to be told them to get the necessary work done. They must have known from the preparations we were making that we were going out to refuel planes, but none of them would know our destination until we were safely out at sea.

"I'll be seeing you when you get there," Bob grinned.

"That's right," I remembered, "you are flying a plane in Squadron Two now, aren't you?"

"None other," he replied.

"Well, happy landings," I called over the hedge to him as I turned and went into the house.

THE next day was filled with the feverish activity of preparations. We had to unload our spare torpedoes and take aboard the heavy bombs for the patrol squadron. We did it while we were loading gasoline into our reserve fuel tanks and taking on supplies for a month's operation. It was with misgivings that I saw the re-load torpedoes go ashore. How well founded those misgivings were I was to find out before I got back again to that harbor.

Towards evening we completed our preparations and we all shoved off together. As soon as we cleared the harbor the three ships parted company. I got my officers together and laid out the operation order and the charts to show them all where we were going and what it was intended we should accomplish. It wasn't much of a surprise to anyone. Our preparations had more or less disclosed the purpose of our operation and for once scuttle butt rumor had been most accurate.

Bill Green, I think, correctly portrayed the common attitude when he remarked that it wasn't going to be a pleasure cruise but that the planes would have all the excitement. I thought so, too, but both Bill Green and I were wrong.

By dawn the next morning all the others were out of sight pursuing their own independent ways to the rendezvous. Of course we maintained radio silence. The chief of staff had assigned us a radio frequency but it was understood that we would listen only and not transmit except in the direst emergency.

Continuing Rendezvous

from page 3

I didn't know how the others were faring, but for myself we had an easy run out for the first few days and we made good time. We had to stay buttoned up and rigged for a quick dive every minute day and night, doubling up the watch to keep both diving and cruising stations continuously manned. You get used to that after a while, although lots of captains, and I guess I'm one of them, develop hair-trigger tempers after two or three days of it.

The fourth night out we were due to pass pretty close to one of the enemy's island bases. It was there, if anywhere, that we would encounter enemy patrols and I figured on passing during the hours of darkness. Due to the good weather and our good luck so far we were a little ahead of schedule but I kept going right along, hoping that with a good night's run I would leave the danger far astern by dawn the next morning. We were all alert, of course, and expecting anything, but luck turned to the enemy about that time, and we got a little more than we expected.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was high in a brassy sky and the sea was smooth as glass, unbroken except for the broad white wake that led directly from our stern back to the horizon. It may have been that I heard the beat of a plane's motors over the throb of our diesels, but I wasn't directly conscious of it. The sun bearing was our danger bearing, and I was keeping a pretty good watch on it.

Anyhow, by the merest chance I slipped the ray filter over my binoculars and looked directly towards the sun. There was a plane coming right in at us, the sun on his tail, and bearing down as fast as he could come. He must have had the luck to have picked us up when he was right between us and the sun, for up till then we hadn't seen a thing.

We went down fast. The lookouts and the quartermaster went down the hatch in a mad scramble and my feet were right on their necks as I dropped down and closed the hatch. We weren't any too soon. The periscope was just going under when the bomb exploded. They hadn't missed us by many feet.

The explosion shook us from stem to stern and the whole ship quivered and vibrated as though it was about to fall apart. I took her down to eighty feet and after a few minutes in the eternal silence down there we were able to collect our shattered nerves. It had been a close thing, too close to risk repeating soon again.

After an hour of cruising at eighty feet I about decided that I could risk coming up to periscope depth and having a look. I know now that I should have gone deeper, much deeper. The sun was still high and the water was clear as crystal. The plane must have been able to catch an occasional glimpse of our shadow under the water. It's one of those things you learn from experience if you live through the experience.

Just as I had about decided that the worst was over the listener reported the sound of screws. The surface patrol was coming in, and it wasn't long before we knew they were coming in straight and fast. The beat of the screws grew louder every minute.

The course of the surface patrol toward us was altogether too direct to be explained by luck alone. It became quite apparent to me that the airplane patrol had somehow been able to track us on our course underwater. It was very probable that the bombing we had undergone had opened up our seams enough for oil leakage to show a slick.

It was still more probable that I wasn't deep enough to prevent the plane from getting an occasional glimpse of our hull whenever it happened to get the light just right. The conditions were ideal for aircraft observation. I decided to go down to two hundred feet.

It was not an easy decision to make. At two hundred feet the sea pressure was nearly nine tons on every square foot of our hull surface. The detonation of depth charges close aboard would be much harder on the already severely strained hull plates, but there didn't seem to be any other reasonable course of action I could take.

The depth charges weren't long

in coming, and the enemy wasn't at all stingy in the way he handed them out. We were scarcely down to two hundred feet than they got the first barrage off. They seemed to be ahead of us, and astern, and on all sides.

We were proceeding through a forest of explosions. Then one must have gone off right over the top of us. The conning-tower hatch lifted off the seat from the force of the wave of detonations. All of us and everything in the conning-tower got a brief shower of salt water under high pressure before the tremendous pressure of the sea slammed the hatch back down on the gasket again.

I OPENED my mouth to order the conning-tower abandoned, but it was all over before I could speak. Then I noticed that we were coming up at a sharp angle, coming up fast, the numbers ticking off under the depth gauge needle like the floor numbers on the tell-tale of a descending elevator. We were up at a hundred and fifty, then a hundred before there was any apparent reduction in the angle.

The diving officer yelled up from the control-room below that the stern planes were jammed. I backed both motors full speed, but it seemed that nothing would stop her from shooting to the surface, and certain destruction.

At sixty feet the diving officer got control. I went ahead again on the motors. Then we started for the bottom and the bottom was two thousand fathoms down. We went on down, diving to three hundred feet before we levelled off. Then the diving officer got control again, in the nick of time, before the pressure of the sea squeezed us into a mass of wreckage. He planed her up to two hundred feet, and I slowed down again to silent running.

The patrol above laid down another pattern of depth charges around us. A few more light bulbs were broken in their sockets. Leaks were reported from both forward and aft. It commenced to look as though the Neptune had encountered the contingency against which the force commander had laid his plans.

After the first attack things weren't quite so bad. At our greater depth the plane probably could no longer follow us, and as the sun sank lower towards the horizon the light conditions became less and less favorable for him.

Nevertheless, the patrols kept doggedly on our trail. They were following us with listening devices and they must have been pretty good at it because it seemed there never was a time that we were out of the sound of an enemy's propellers. Every now and then they would shower down with another batch of depth charges. Some of them were far away, indicating that the patrols had picked up a false scent, but altogether too often they were uncomfortably close aboard. I counted forty-three depth charges that afternoon and there were lots of times when I was too busy to count.

It got to be rather wearing on the nerves. I noticed that routine operations were no longer carried out with the old snap and the depth control was particularly ragged. Everybody seemed distracted, feeling that the next attack would be the last.

I sent Bill Green on a tour through the ship to estimate the damage we had sustained. His report was not too encouraging, but none of the leaks was immediately dangerous. Up forward it was merely annoying, but back in the engine-room the water was slowly getting deeper in the bilges. If it rose high enough to short out the motors we would be in a bad way.

We didn't dare pump bilges for fear the oil mixed with the engine-room bilge water would betray our location. In fact, there wasn't much we could do except bear it as best we could, and that in itself was the hardest on our nerves. We would all have welcomed action, even disastrous, desperate, suicidal action.

It couldn't last forever. One way or the other it had to end. At six twelve the sun set and by seven it would be completely dark. Fortunately there was no moon. The hours wore on.

WE could always hear at least one patrol vessel, but by sunset they seemed to have lost any direct contact. From the periodic way in which they came and went I figured they had set up a systematic patrol, steaming back and forth at eight knots, covering the whole area around us.

A little after seven o'clock I decided I had as good an opportunity to break away as I was likely to get. A patrol had passed astern of us a short time before but the sound of her propellers was rapidly receding in the distance. I brought the Neptune up to periscope depth. The periscope eyepiece was like a mirror of black glass. Not a single ray of light penetrated it. I came on up to the surface and as quickly as we could I got under way on the engines.

I knew we would have to dodge enemy patrols. We hadn't been out of touch with them for five hours. I took only two men up to the bridge to act as lookouts. The quartermaster steered from the conning-tower and Bill Green stood by down there to carry out my orders. The tubes were ready for firing but we were mainly interested in getting away as quickly as we could. All our engines were on the screws and the luminous wake stood out behind us like a white scar on the onyx surface of the sea.

We got along pretty well for half an hour. Then my starboard lookout reported that he thought he could see the gleam of an occasional white patch on the surface of the sea just abaft the starboard beam. I looked and for a while I thought it was his imagination or the disturbance caused by a playful porpoise.

"There it is again, sir," he reported, pointing off into the darkness.

It was unmistakable now. The lazy rolling bow wave of a surface vessel forging ahead at slow speed. We had cut directly across the bow of one of the patrols, not more than five hundred yards ahead of her.

To be continued

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Handiest thing in the house



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the **Chesbrough Manufacturing Company.**

HELP KIDNEYS PASS 3 LBS. A DAY

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood are the cause of frequent or scanty urination with aching and burning, nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

If kidneys don't empty 3 pints a day and get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your body will take up these poisons causing serious trouble. Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS**. . . used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS** at your chemist or store.

What makes PEARS soap so different?

FIRST the pure, amber colour—you can look right into the heart of a tablet. Then the silky lather that does your skin so much good. Even the manufacture of Pears is different. It is slowly matured, like a wine of illustrious vintage.

Pears ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

A RATION OF FUN



"Why so gloomy?"
 "Just heard from the wife—she's got quinsy."
 "Cripes! How many's that you've got now?"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Please try to eat the cake, darling, it's really a lot better than it tastes!"



"Cheer up, old man, things are not as bad as they seem."
 "No, but they seem to be."



"So she has gone back to her husband?"
 "Yes, she couldn't bear to hear of his having such a good time."



WIFE: I'm afraid the mountain air would disagree with me.
 HUSBAND: My dear, it wouldn't dare.

"Open Up" Your Nose

The new way to get rid of the misery of...
NOSE-COLDS
CATARRH
"SNIFFLES"



Just a few drops up each nostril
 ... then every breath is cool and clear!

Don't go on struggling for breath! "Open up" your clogged nose, clear your head, make life worth living again. Just put a few drops of Vicks Vapo-nol up each nostril.

HITS THE SPOT! This new way to nose comfort is neat, pleasant, and quick! Those few drops of Vapo-nol carry specialized medication straight to where it is needed. This medication clears away mucus... shrinks the swollen membranes inside your nose... relieves that hot, dry irritation... makes breathing easy... ends that feeling that your head is "big as a house."

AND WORKS FAST! In just a moment or two you're feeling amazingly relieved. Begin today to enjoy the comfort Vapo-nol brings.

For Better Sleep. A few drops of Vapo-nol at bedtime keep nose clear, let you sleep.

Prevent Colds. Used at first sneeze, Vapo-nol keeps many a cold from developing.

Sinus Pain. By helping to drain the sinuses, Vapo-nol eases that throbbing pain of sinus congestion.

At Work. Keep a bottle of Vapo-nol handy. So easy to use... for easing nose discomfort... for preventing colds.

Prepared and guaranteed by the makers of Vicks VapoRub



Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"YOUR husband has something on his mind."
 "He worries a lot about money, doctor."
 "Ah, well, we must try to relieve him of it."

THE small boy was in the act of using his mother's powder-puff when his small sister snatched it from him.
 "You mustn't do that!" she exclaimed. "Only ladies use powder—gentlemen wash themselves."

"IT'S against the rules," said the usher to the woman who wanted to take her dog into the theatre. "You can't bring that dog in here!"
 "My dear girl," said the haughty woman, "what harm can the picture do to a dog?"

MILLIONAIRE (to valet): I'll shave myself this morning, James. I need the exercise.

DAVE, having had a good week, decided to buy his wife a present. He picked up the dining-room table, carried it out of the house, put it on top of his head, and was ambling down the road, when Bill Smith met him.

"Hallo, Dave," he said, "are you moving?"
 "No," said Dave, "I'm going to buy Mabel a tablecloth."

"GOLF is a rich man's game."
 "Nonsense! Look at all the poor players."

TEACHER: Your mother buys a hat for two guineas, a coat for five pounds, and a pair of shoes for twenty-five shillings. What is the result?
 Pupil: A row with dad.

Listeners said:

"Give Us More Sweet Swing!"

Here it is . . .

"NOTES
 FOR
 YOU"

COMPERE

ROBIN ORDELL

2GB

Mon. to Fri. 8 a.m.

At 5 p.m.

Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri.

John Dease

presents

"Music for You"

30 minutes of the Music which you love . . . presented by radio's greatest compere of musical entertainment.

And for the Rhythm Fans—

GEORGE NICHOLS presents a half hour of "Swing Time" each Saturday at 5 p.m.

2GB

—Of Course

An Editorial

AUGUST 30, 1941.

GALLANT MEN OF THE WATERHEN



LITTLE ships are in the news. The U.S. presidential yacht Potomac took Mr. Roosevelt out on a "fishing" cruise and a wonderful haul in the wide Atlantic.

Now comes the story in detail of the little Waterhen, Australian destroyer.

Unlike the Potomac, the Waterhen did not come back from her last voyage.

Nine Stuka bombers attacked and sank her; her company was saved and are home again in Australia.

A lieutenant has been decorated and a petty-officer and three seamen mentioned in despatches for the salvaging of a blazing tanker, and this recognition focuses attention not only on their deed but on the Waterhen's fine record.

The Waterhen did not lose a ship in any convoy it protected. It fought off 187 air and surface attacks.

It salvaged five vessels damaged in convoy.

Creeping by night along the Libyan coast, it landed little bands of gallant men, who, after desperate sorties on land, came back two hours later to find the Waterhen waiting.

The Navy is so good that at times we take it for granted. By tradition, we rely upon it to deliver the goods, and, hearing only of its greater engagements, we forget the lesser, continuous, exacting service it gives all the time.

On patrol, sweeping the waters of mines, conveying—day and night the Navy is on the job.

The little Waterhen did such a job. She is gone, but the valor of her personnel remains. They have lost a great little ship—Australia has another proud page in her history.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Warrant-Officer Mervyn Robinson in the Middle East to his mother at 38 Hillcrest Avenue, Gladesville, N.S.W.:

"I WAS put in charge of a guard of seven Australian soldiers aboard a ship in Crete, and, with one officer, we were given the job of evacuating civilians.

"At one stage it looked as though we'd have to sail it, too, as the crew deserted.

"We evacuated about 700 civilians and 300 troops on this cargo ship designed to carry 119 passengers, after hanging about in Suda Bay for some days before the German attack.

"Half of the civvies could not speak English, and they ranged from elderly men and women to cripples and babies in arms.

"The troops we took on were too bomb-weary to be much help, and I can tell you it was a pretty pickle.

"Eight soldiers who didn't know the first thing about boats, babies, invalids, children or the Greek language to look after that pitiful throng!

"I went hoarse swearing at the pity of it.

"There are many things which happened on that trip of which I still dream and wake up in a cold sweat.

"The swine bombed us day and night for days, but fortunately missed every time.

"By good fortune we managed to get twelve Australian nurses transferred to our ship and those poor girls saved!

"I changed babies' napkins and replaced them with tea-towels and handkerchiefs (none too clean).

"I made mush out of chopped-up army biscuits and condensed milk and water, and fed it to babies.

"I did about everything in the human relations field that I have ever done in my life before, but I didn't do a hundredth part of what any one of those nurses did.

"After all that we managed to arrive back without actually losing a life, and with the ship more or less intact.

"There were some units of the Greek Navy in Alexandria at the time, and they gave us a rousing cheer which made up for all the discomfort and worry."

* * *

Private F. Holmes in Tobruk to a friend in Adelaide:

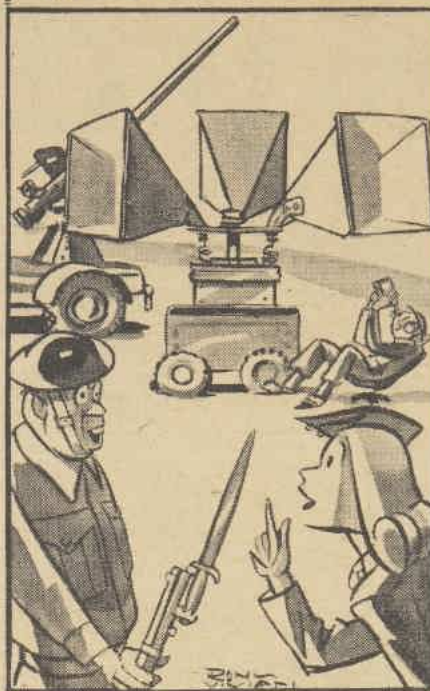
"WE have camped in some extraordinary places. At present the Padre is camped in a large culvert under the road, while about 30 of us—signallers, intelligence, and some of the anti-tank crowd—are also underground. Still our shelter has the great merit of possessing eight to ten feet of solid rock—a wonderful asset these days!

"Collecting our dry rations is rather like a game of musical chairs—one leaves the last shelter (either a pile of stones or a shell-hole in the ground) and goes like fury for the next, and the idea is to reach it before the music starts.

"Yesterday, two of us, in the course of our duties, walked over to an Indian unit that joins us on one flank, and they are most picturesque.

"We were entertained at tea in the officers' mess, where they have a cat (living under the burdensome name of Mersa Matilda

Winnie the War Winner



"Does Churchill speak here to-night?"

Mechill Matruh) and her four kittens, which don't seem to mind the shelling in the least.

"Coming back we came upon a 4lb. tin of Italian tomato extract. The directions were printed in English, French, German, and Italian, and it already had a bullet hole in the top, but after scraping off about two inches of mildew we voted the brew O.K. and added it to the commissariat box."

* * *

Driver H. K. Beirne in the Middle East to his wife at Bli Bli, Qld.:

"LAST night I had to take some chaps back to their headquarters. Got them there and started back, but the moon petered out, so I decided to camp till morning. I pulled off the road and rolled into bed in my van. Thinking it was a pretty safe place I undressed.

"I was just nicely asleep when bang! bang!—Shells started falling all round me. Grabbing my blankets I went for my life, found a likely looking hole, and dived in.

"I lobbed right on top of two Tommies and don't know who got the biggest shock. They thought I was a parachutist, because of the blankets flapping around me. It took some good Australian language to convince them I wasn't a Jerry.

"We had a great laugh over it.

"I will never run down the Tommies again. They are great chaps, and the worse things are the better they stick it. They think the world of Aussies and will do anything for us.

"They may not have the dash and fire of the Aussies, but when you get to know them you realise they have that spirit and determination which have stuck to England throughout the past, and will bring her victory in the end."

Driver S. Sinclair in the Middle East to his wife at The Boulevard, Lewisham, N.S.W.:

"MY offside and I parked the truck near Tyre on a recent trip. We pulled off the road to get a few hours' sleep, but the damned sandflies nearly ate us alive.

"In the morning we found the truck was bogged in the sand, so had to send for a recovery to get us out.

"A Tommy came to pull us out, and said, 'Have thee had grub, Aussie?'

"I said 'no,' and he asked, 'Would thee like soom?'

"My blanky oath,' I answered.

"Well, follow me, lads,' he commanded, and we drove up to an old stone building, where we found some Tommies cooking grub, and what do you think we had? Bacon and eggs! Was that bacon any good? Tinned, of course, but it sure made a lovely breakfast.

"On returning to the truck we found it surrounded by women and children. One woman with a baby in arms asked me for bully beef.

"I didn't have the heart to say 'no,' so jumped up on the truck and gave her a tin. Well, if you could have seen your husband!

"I was absolutely mobbed by people crying out for food. I got into the truck, and as we drove off threw out the only other food we had—a dozen packets of biscuits.

"The French took all the food out of this area when they left, and the people were left without any until we could get some up to them."

* * *

Sergeant H. C. Orford in Syria to his mother at Hawthorn, Vic.:

"DID I tell you of the jam Olive made?

Here there are plenty of tomatoes, and the other day, sitting down to lunch, we were all moaning about the scarcity of jam, as that is the main thing we are not getting.

"Olive said, 'How would tomato jam go?' We all scoffed at him, but, peeling some tomatoes, he started.

"Then he saw a tin of pineapple. In that went; also a few bananas with some lemon-juice.

"I think he would have put in some onions if we hadn't stopped him.

"We could only get half a petrol tin for a pot, and we used a stick for a spoon. The finished product, which we had for tea, was a huge success. We made about 5lb. of it, and it lasted only three days, so that speaks for itself."

* * *

Gunner I. E. Dowton, member of an anti-tank regiment abroad, to his sister, Miss Daphne Dowton, P.O., Bego, N.S.W.:

"JUST a while ago a young chap was badly injured only 60 yards away from us. I was first to him and did all that was possible.

"He was a driver, and I said to him, as I began to get him out of the truck, 'It's going to hurt you. Dig, getting you out.'

"He answered, 'Carry on, mate, it can't be helped.'

"He was conscious all the time we were attending to him, and not a murmur left his lips, although he was in great pain.

"He was only about 21, but he had enough guts for half a dozen."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



DEEDS THAT THRILLED AUSTRALIA!



The EXPLOIT OF
PTE "BLUEY" LEGGE
OF NIMBIN, N.S.W.

BUSH NURSE in opal town

Englishwoman gives up her home to take on war work outback

Mrs. Frank Dunn has found her war job—as bush nurse at Lightning Ridge, outback opal township.

To do this she has given up her comfortable home at North Sydney, the companionship of her husband and elder son and the comparatively easy life of a wife and mother.

"It's nothing, really." That's how she waves aside any admiration of what she decided to do.

But she's wrong. It's a great deal. It's an example of the sort of courage and resolution that win wars.

The story behind Mrs. Dunn's decision reveals a determination to be of service that is an example worthy of notice.

Mrs. Dunn is an Englishwoman who has been worrying ever since

war broke out because she could not find a way of serving her country.

In the last war she was training as a nurse in England, and she nursed many soldiers, some of them Australians, as they came straight from the trenches to Toxteth Military Hospital.

She knows what war is.

She married and came to Australia, and now she calls Australia her country.

But as a married woman with two sons, a husband, and a home, the chance to serve didn't come this time so easily as it did to the young English nurse in 1914.

Not till she read how enlistments of nurses for the army and for military hospitals had caused a general shortage of nurses in Australia, and particularly in the staff of the Bush Nursing Association centres.

Husband's permission

"I KEPT on thinking about it," she said, "and at last made up my mind that if the Bush Nursing Association would let me take my eight-year-old Reg, I would go anywhere they wanted to send me."

"It is little more than a fortnight since I wrote offering my services, and here I am packing to go."

"My husband gave his permission readily, for he knew I could not be happy telling myself there was a job I could have done going unfilled."

Mr. Dunn and the elder boy Ian are planning to spend their Christmas holidays at Lightning Ridge.

Mrs. Dunn is just a little woman, but her size is no measure of her energy and resolution.

On Sunday she left Sydney to take over a post 500 miles from her home in the heat and sweat of the outback to bring medical aid to the opal diggers and settlers of one of the grimmest, yet one of the most romantic, corners of Australia. Lightning Ridge is the only known black opal field in the world.

To the neat little Bush Nursing Centre cottage there, 46 miles from a doctor or hospital, Mrs. Dunn will go with her younger son Reg.

She is highly qualified for her new post. She trained in England, both in general and obstetric work, and afterwards became a Queen's nurse.

A Queen's nurse is one who has been specially trained for work where emergencies must be met without the conveniences of a hospital or surgery.

"I have had some experience as a bush nurse in Australia at Reid's Flat, between Cowra and Burrowa, in N.S.W., and in the Mallee, in Victoria, and I am looking forward to going among the country people again," said Mrs. Dunn.

"In the past fortnight I have been to the Royal North Shore Hospital doing a post-graduate course in midwifery."



MRS. FRANK DUNN.

• Readers are invited to send in to The Australian Women's Weekly suggested subjects for our illustrated strip, "Deeds That Thrilled Australia." Letters from men in the services often tell of unsung heroes whose deeds should be made more widely known. Enclose your envelope "Thrilling Deeds." For The Australian Women's Weekly addresses see pattern page.

WANTED TO BUY
CAMERAS!
Modern Used Cameras, Enlargers and Home Cine Equipment bought for cash. Send full details to—
KODAK (A/Asia) Pty. Ltd.
Branches in All Capital Cities

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 7/3

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has given quick, safe, and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.



Just outside London is a little pub called the "Red Lion." Here, of an evening, local residents and members of a nearby military camp foregather for their leisurely pint of "old and mild." Sitting slightly apart is a business man... middle aged, observant, reserved. This gentleman recently wrote to the London office of Kiwi... here is part of his letter—

"... I say your best advertisement is in the form of a Regimental Sergeant Major who is often to be seen in the 'Red Lion' Hotel when off duty. His entire appearance is unimpaired itself, but his brown boots and belt surpass everything; I have never seen leather look such a picture."

"I have often wondered what polish he uses, but have never had sufficient courage to ask him. A few days ago, however, I was in the hotel when the landlord asked the question I had always wanted to, and the soldier's reply was the one word 'Kiwi'."

"I need hardly mention that from now on I shall have no other polish in my household."

This is just another instance of Kiwi speaking for itself. For despite the fact that Kiwi had been popular in England for over 20 years, it needed this little incident, this proof positive that Kiwi was the finest polish to shine and preserve leather, to convince this man sufficiently for him to buy it himself. Wherever you go, you'll notice that all the best polished shoes are shined with Kiwi.



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First of all rub the dust off the shoes. Then with a piece of cloth wrapped round the finger, rub in a fair quantity of Kiwi Polish. When the polish is well rubbed in dip the cloth in water (which you can have ready in the top of the tin) and rub thoroughly all over the shoes. Now polish briskly whilst there are still little globules of water over the shoes. A perfect "mirror finish" will result.

KIWI

BLACK • DARK TAN • ARMY TAN



PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

(Week's Best Release)
Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan.
(Warners.)

MERLE OBERON is the latest glamor queen to tackle the sophisticated madcap marital farce popularised by Lombard, and more recently by Rosalind Russell.

Although attractive in a series of beautiful gowns, Merle just hasn't the light touch necessary for such frothy make-believe.

The story doesn't help much. Because she is tired of the globe-trotting of her newspaper correspondent husband (Dennis Morgan) Merle divorces him in Reno, although she really loves him.

Receiving the news in Lisbon, Morgan, who also loves Merle, tosses in his job, and dashes home to win back his wife. The situation is complicated by Ralph Bellamy, as the wealthy suitor to whom Merle becomes engaged, and Rita Hayworth, girl reporter.

Rita is the brightest part of this farce. I found her delightful. George Tobias, Hattie MacDaniel, and Butterfly McQueen, the latter pair teamed as dark servants, make the most of brief comedy scenes.—Century; showing.

FREE AND EASY

Ruth Hussey, Robert Cummings.
(MGM.)

A FAIRLY amusing comedy about a group of fortune-hunters, this

Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars — below average.

film gives Ruth Hussey her best opportunity since her girl photographer in "The Philadelphia Story." Attractive, vivacious, Ruth proves once again that she is at her best in light romantic farce.

The story is of two poor, but well-connected, young people (Ruth and Robert Cummings), who each aim to marry wealth.

But they fall in love with each other instead. Drama enters the picture, when Robert's father, Nigel Bruce, also penniless, attempts suicide rather than face disgrace.

Cummings, with his too bright, self-assured manner, has always irritated me. And Judith Anderson, "Rebecca's" housekeeper, who plays a wealthy spinster in love with Robert, seems strangely out of place.—Capitol; showing.

LUCKY DEVILS

Richard Arien, Andy Devine.
(Universal.)

THE comedy adventures of Richard Arien and Andy Devine go on and on. This film, their fifth together, is one of their lesser efforts.

Both story and dialogue are weak. The plot deals in foreign saboteurs

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Charles Bruno



and romance (a) for the devil-may-care Arien and Dorothy Lovett (former heroine of Dr. Christian series), and (b) for Andy and baby-faced blonde, Janet Shaw.

Arien is an ace newsreel cameraman, who goes to extraordinary lengths to get the news.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

*** Fantasia. Walt Disney feature. Brilliant, controversial, new entertainment, which welds music to cartoon.—Embassy; 2nd week.

*** The Lady Eve. Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda in glittering romantic farce.—Prince Edward; 2nd week.

*** Freedom Radio. Diana Wynyard, Olive Brook in stirring drama of freedom-lovers inside Germany.—Lyceum; 2nd week.

*** Lady Hamilton. Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier in splendid historical drama.—Regent; 4th week.

*** Men of Boys' Town. Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney in heart-warming sequel to Boys' Town.—St. James; 2nd week.

*** Penny Serenade. Irene Dunne, Cary Grant in charming, finely-acted domestic drama.—State; 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

ENGLISH comedienne Gracie Fields is expected to visit Australia within the next few months to raise funds for British war relief.

In fact Gracie has left on her first stage of an American and Empire tour, which will bring her here and to New Zealand.

RAYMOND MASSEY is back in Hollywood after a successful season on Broadway. Smiling genially he alighted from the train at Pasadena, and announced he was off to work in "Reap the Wild Wind." Mr. Massey will play King Cutler, chief of a pirate crew, who plundered American shipping off the Florida coast a hundred years ago.

PRISCILLA LANE, who will sing and dance in "New Orleans Blues," has been joined by Lloyd Nolan and Betty Field.

ROBERT STERLING gets one of those breaks every young actor dreams about. He is to have one of the leading roles opposite Greta Garbo in her forthcoming comedy. Melvyn Douglas is Robert's rival for the fair Swede's attention. Remembering how "Camille" brought Robert Taylor into the spotlight, Robert Sterling is hoping this new Garbo film will do as much for him. To play with Garbo is to be seen by everybody!

GLORIA JEAN rides her bicycle round the lot with her dog Pat in a basket on the handle-bars.

LANA TURNER has been honored in a unique way. The shop where she used to have her afternoon ice-cream sodas has placed a copper plaque on the stool she sat on. The engraving reads: "On this stool sat Lana Turner when she was discovered."

JOSEF HOFFMAN, the pianist, is ill in a Hollywood hospital. Marlene Dietrich and Jean Gabin are among the local notables who are making his stay more agreeable by frequent visits.

JUST for good luck, Walter Huston played an extra in "The Maltese Falcon," the first picture to be directed by his son John.

TY AND ANNABELLA POWER are playing together in summer stock. Ferenc Molnar's "Lillom" will be their first effort, and they will be honored by having the author himself direct the production.

It has been their ambition to be co-starred in a picture. Maybe this stage production will pave the way to their doing "Lillom" on the screen.

LYNN BARI wears a "poncho" for an evening wrap. From South America comes this long, knitted shawl of vivid wool. Lynn wears hers slipped over her head by means of a slit. The colors are stripes of rose, violet, and blue and white, which accent her simple white cotton evening gown dramatically.

REMEMBER Clara Bow, the original "It" girl? Her big interest these days is raising chickens. She can't be torn away from the farm.

DR. KILDARE loses his girl friend permanently in the next film of the series. Instead of marrying "nurse Mary Lamont," as he has been threatening to for the last several films, poor Dr. Kildare witnesses her death in a traffic accident. Laraine Day has advanced by such strides that she is now considered too valuable to play in the Kildare pictures, so MGM thought this was the best way of removing her character, Mary Lamont, from the series.

CECIL KELLAWAY is one man who never takes his publicity stories seriously. He was laughing heartily over an item in a Los Angeles paper when I visited him at Paramount.

"Let me read it aloud," he said, and proceeded to do so. "Cecil Kellaway is a noted amateur botanist. He has gathered specimens of more than 12,000 varieties of wildflowers from all parts of the world. He is planning to import seeds of 140 species of wildflowers from various parts of the world, and will attempt to cultivate them here." Commenting on this imaginative feat of publicity, Kellaway mourned the fact that he apparently can't grow anything, much less "12,000 varieties," due to the activities of the neighbors' dogs, which dig up his sweetpeas and marigolds as soon as he plants them.

FRANK LLOYD looked and looked again at the sheet of paper he had used to write down the names of his leading players for "I. James Lewis." They read as follows: John Carroll, Leo Carroll, Coral Bruce, and Nigel Bruce. None is related.

SYDNEY TOLER, now in his tenth "Charlie Chan" picture, says he gets so in the habit of looking for clues while working that he finds he carries on that way in his off-screen time. "I'm much more observant than I used to be," smiled Toler, "though I probably exasperate my friends with my inquisitiveness."

ELEANOR POWELL'S neighbors have been wondering why she erected a great canvas fence around her garden. She isn't getting high-hat. It's just that she is rehearsing a difficult bullfight dance that she will do in "I'll Take Manilla." A famous Mexican bullfighter is coaching her.

WAS RONNIE'S FACE RED?

But it brought him an order for £100

The girls' name for Ronnie was—the "B.O." TRAVELLER



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YOUR HAIR...



America, and now Australia, is wildly enthusiastic over the wonderful damp-setting discovery of a famous beauty chemist. You will be, too, for damp-setting with VELMOL is the quick inexpensive way to keep your hair in thrilling waves and curls on all occasions.

JUST 3 SIMPLE STEPS! 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair. 3. Arrange in waves and curls, in any way you wish, with fingers and comb. In about four minutes the job is finished.

Holds even a finger wave for days—yet never stiff or oily. Makes a "perm" last lots longer. Ask your chemist, hairdresser or store for VELMOL.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney



The Movie World

August 30, 1941

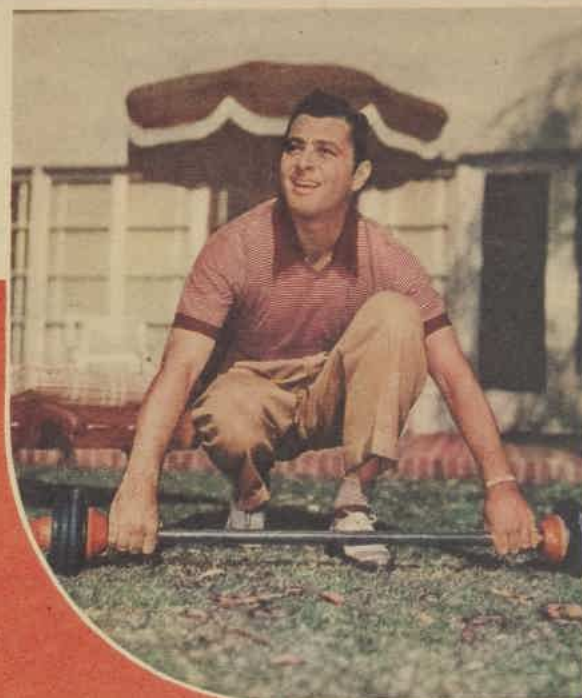
The Australian Women's Weekly

15

BY JOAN McLEOD IN HOLLYWOOD

Lana has fallen in love again

♦ [HER ROMANCE WITH TONY MARTIN
HAS ENDED THOSE PLAYGIRL DAYS] ♦



• Tony Martin, Alice Faye's ex, now Lana's devoted admirer, has taught Lana to play golf, his favorite pastime.



• The attractive Lana Turner, shown above in one of her glamorous costumes for an MGM musical film, has lost her flamboyant air and become more serious since her romance

with Tony Martin. She's even sold that spectacular scarlet car which she used to drive through Hollywood streets at a reckless pace and bought in its place a subdued grey roadster.

HOLLYWOOD'S favorite party girl is no more.

The excitement-loving Lana Turner, who went dancing with a different beau every evening, has become a Saturday night girl, with no dates during the week.

Gone is the flamboyant Lana who wore red sweaters by day and extravagantly besequined gowns by night.

In her place is a dignified young thing who chooses simple tailoreds and piles her new blonde hair on top of her head.

It must be love. These days Lana is seen everywhere with crooner Tony Martin, Alice Faye's ex-husband, and the change in her has coincided with her love affair.

Unlike her last year's whirlwind romance with former husband Artie Shaw, the band-leader—they eloped after one evening's ouling—theirs has been a gradual affair.

Just after her divorce Lana went to San Francisco to be matron-of-honor at a friend's wedding—and ran into Tony.

He suggested they should go dancing. They walked into the Palace Hotel, where Artie was playing.

Lana was upset, Tony not at all disturbed. His cheerful aplomb bridged that awkward moment, and from that day Lana and Tony were firm friends.

There is a happy camaraderie between them.

They often go to the football games, when Lana's soprano shouts mingle with Tony's deep baritone cheers.

Sometimes they play golf, sometimes they go dancing. Both are working hard.

It never bothers Lana now whether she runs into Artie—she's got over that. Or maybe she's modelling herself on Tony.

On meeting Alice for the first time after her marriage to Phil Harris, Tony went directly to their table, greeted Alice with a kiss, and wished her happiness.

Marriage? Well, maybe. Tony has been free since March, but Lana's divorce does not become final till next month.

One thing is certain. The Lana who has turned over a new leaf is not likely to go in for another tempestuous elopement.

Meet some . . . Intriguing young men

DARRYL ZANUCK SELECTS 1941
CLASS FOR POTENTIAL STARDOM

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

EVERY time I drop in on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot I find a new and handsome young man earnestly studying his script in some quiet corner or saying his piece in front of the cameras.

Last year, to cope with the leading-men shortage, producer Darryl Zanuck picked out a batch of likely youngsters for screen careers.

Among them were George Montgomery, Robert Sterling, and Ted North. They've proved so successful that this year Zanuck is continuing with his policy.

Already he has another group of newcomers under contract. He's giving them their chance to work up from small roles to romantic leads.

I like the look of strength and the indomitable do-or-die jaw of Bob Conway, whom I met on the set of "Moon Over Miami," in which he plays a featured part.

Dressed as a man from Mars, Bob was despatch-



● **STRONG, SILENT HERO.** Anglo-Norwegian Bob Conway has a challenging blue eye, a robust personality



● **BIG BROTHER'S BEST FRIEND.** His real name, Edward Smith, has been changed to Bruce Edwards.



● **DON JUAN.** This is Robert Cornell, one of Fox's 1941 discoveries, not Lew Ayres' young brother, which he looks.



● **THE MENACE**—or maybe just interesting. Dana Andrews began with Samuel Goldwyn, but now owns a brand-new contract with Fox. Six feet tall, Dana is in "Belle Star."



● **BOY FROM NEXT DOOR**, or the struggling young author, otherwise Richard Derr, fair-haired, blue-eyed, who's playing his first romantic lead in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Man at Large."

ing rocket-ships from the Chrysler exhibit in the New York World Fair when a Fox talent-scout saw him.

Chrysler chose him for his deep, booming voice, his pleasant manner, and his good looks—the same reasons why Fox gave him his contract.

Simple, unaffected charm is the keynote to the personality of Bruce Edwards, whose name was changed from Edward Smith the other day.

When I first saw him his face was one broad grin and his voice shook with pardonable excitement as he waved the script of "Marry the Boss' Daughter"—he has the leading role opposite Brenda Joyce in this film.

Bruce, as he's becoming accustomed to being called, belonged to one of the Little Theatre groups in Los Angeles only eight months ago.

Blond, blue-eyed Richard Derr, who doesn't look a bit like a film player or a collar advertisement man, but just a nice young man who tumbles out the front door next to yours to catch the 8.10 bus to work every morning, is in the luck, too.

After playing bit roles in several films he has been assigned that of the hero in "Man at Large."

Quite a different screen type is Robert Cornell, tall, dark, and handsome, who may turn out one day to be another Garfield or Romero.

Maybe it's the moustache, but the most interesting-looking young man of the new Fox group is Dana Andrews.

Dana was in several Goldwyn films, lastly "Kit Carson," but didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Fox has taken him over and he's in "Bowery Nightingale" and "Belle Starr."

He is dark, very attractive, very sophisticated, and the oldest of them all—thirty.

Dana studied at the famous Pasadena Playhouse, where he began as a spear carrier in Shakespeare productions and finished up as hero.



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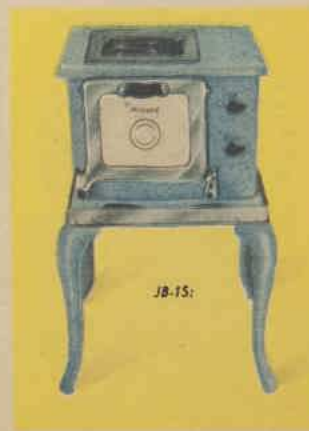
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ANNA'S HEART is in DANCING

"Sunny" gave charming English star some surprisingly strenuous days

By CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

I HAVE just interviewed English Anna Neagle on the last day of her third American-made musical, "Sunny". She and producer-director Herbert Wilcox have two more films to make for RKO. Their next may be yet another remake of a popular stage musical, "Sally," or it may be a biography of Marie Lloyd, the English music-hall star. But, what-



One of those
"NERVY"
women!



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HORLICKS guards against **NIGHT-STARVATION** helps resist the strain



• Anna Neagle in RKO's "Sunny." The new, lightning stroboscopic camera catches all the swirling movement and vitality of the dance.

ever film they finally decide on, I feel sure it will not be a gloomy picture.

I found Anna in her dressing-room at RKO, which, by the way, was used by Vivien Leigh when she made "Gone With the Wind," and still has the pictures and posters publicising Scarlett on its walls.

Anna had just come out of the dance—her last "take." Flushed, panting, with her feathery skirts swirling round her ankles as she walked in her typical, sprightly way, she sank into the cushion-backed chair exhausted.

Speaking in that crisp English voice of hers, Anna told me that her role in "Sunny" is her most strenuous in a long, long time.

She has more dances than she had in either "Irene" or "No, No, Nanette," and, as she laughingly remarked, "a lot of competition that has put me very much on my mettle."

One "lot of competition" is provided by those sensational satirists of dancing, Paul and Grace Hartman. They make their American debut in "Sunny," and their acrobatics and brilliant high-stepping really take some living up to.

Affects her mood

"I LIKE making musicals, best," Anna observed as she combed out her glinting red hair and removed her make-up preparatory to getting into street clothes.

"The roles I play always affect my mood, and when I am making anything as gay as 'Sunny' I feel much more exuberant and light-hearted."

"Some players keep themselves and their roles in two separate compartments, as it were, with neither encroaching on the other. I'm not like that."

Anna says the first person to see "Sunny" will probably be her elder brother, Alan Robertson, who commands a British destroyer.

It is more than two years since Commander Robertson saw his sister or any of her pictures, and he wrote the other day asking for a photograph to put in his cabin.

Anna is sending along the request portrait, and, as a surprise, a print

of "Sunny" by plane to England, where it will be forwarded on to her brother "somewhere at sea."

Anna thinks that she and Wilcox will probably remain in America indefinitely.

Wilcox, who was a flier in the Great War, would like to return to England and go into military service, but he has been told that England needs his entertainment more than his soldiering.

What Anna did not tell me—and of which few people either in England or America are fully aware—is that she is doing an amazing amount of work to raise funds for British war relief.

She has sent over a number of cheques to the Spitfire Fund, and is giving up all her spare time to various war charity efforts in America.

She and Wilcox are among those members of the British colony who are co-operating on the war relief film, "This is London," which is being produced in Hollywood by Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Every director and actor is giving his services for nothing.

Anna hopes, too, to serve her country indirectly by appearing in a straight drama about the British Intelligence, which is to be made in Canada.

Wives keep busy

THERE'S nothing a director dreads more than the "movie wife," that delightful creature who, having plenty of servants to look after her home, feels it's her duty in life to supervise her film star husband's career.

She is likely to drop in on the set at any old time just to see how everything's going, and to give her advice.

Fortunately such irritating souls are rare. Most wives have sufficient intelligence to turn their energies to something more useful.

These days war work takes up every spare moment, but movie wives have plenty besides to occupy them.

Typical of many American women is their enthusiasm for studying new things.

They study music, and practise with all the ardor of a would-be concert artist; they take courses in everything from French cooking to interior decoration and citrus growing.

Mrs. Spencer Tracy's outlet for her energies takes a strenuous shape. She's one of the movie colony's crack women polo players.

She can often be seen at the Riviera field on Sundays taking

part in the women's match that acts as a curtain-raiser to the regular men's game.

Mrs. Gary Cooper, the former Sandra Shaw, is a crack shot, and spends much of her spare time popping at targets on the pistol range.

Basil Rathbone will talk for hours about his charming wife, Ouida, and seriously attributes all his success to her help.

Ouida's parties have made her the undisputed leader of hostesses here. Now she's raising thousands of pounds for war charities with her "parties."

Fred MacMurray's pretty Lillian is one of Hollywood's real wives. Rain or shine she always gets her husband up in the morning, cooks his breakfast, and drives him to the studio.

She finds time to study music, and to fuss around in the conservatory, where she raises prize orchids as a hobby.

Some wives, of course, are too busy even for hobbies.

Mrs. Don Ameche and Mrs. Bing Crosby, with four sons apiece, are two who reckon they've a full-time job on their hands.

Players in real-life brawl



1 LINESMEN for a power company including Hank (Edward G. Robinson) and Johnny (George Raft) answer emergency call.



2 WORKING dangerously to repair power lines in a storm, Hank suffers electric shock, but Johnny's efforts revive him.



3 MEANTIME, a Los Angeles dance hall, run by Smiley (Barton MacLane), stages a welcome back to Fay (Marlene Dietrich), who has been in prison.



4 CELEBRATING Hank's recovery, he and Johnny attend dance hall, and meet Fay, the foreman's daughter.



5 IGNORING Johnny's bitter protests, Hank, deeply in love, proposes to Fay after her father is killed in an accident, and, against her better judgment, she marries him.



6 VISITING pair, Johnny ignores Fay, who decides to return to dance hall life.

7 INFURIATED Johnny rescues Fay from raid, and insists she return home.

Marlene was referee on set of *Manpower*

HOLLYWOOD has been guilty of engineering romances and feuds between stars for publicity's sweet sake.

But the quarrelling that went on among George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, and Edward G. Robinson during the making of the Marlene Dietrich film, "Manpower," was no put-up job.

It just went on and on during the whole time the picture was in production, with the boys glaring savagely at one another every time they had to meet. And that was often.

Warners' "Manpower" is the story of power linesmen—those intrepid souls who string high-voltage wires across country.

Raft and Bogart were the original pair selected to play the two main masculine roles—fellow linesmen and close friends.

Suspended

BUT not long after the cameras began to roll these two began snarling at each other.

The trouble eventually got out of hand. Holding Bogart to blame for it all, Warners took him out of the cast and placed him on the suspension list, with no pay.

Then chunky, pug-nosed Edward G. Robinson was called in to take over Bogart's role—and, to the studio's horror, promptly began fighting with Raft.

The latter objected to Robinson trying to show him how to play scenes—and this pair didn't stop at blows.

Eventually producer Hal Wallis and Dietrich herself had to separate the contestants.

Given a serious talking to, they both agreed to behave more politely in future, and confined their antagonism to just not playing speaks. The studio's worries didn't end there.

No grudge

NOT long after the big row, Raft fell from a twenty-eight foot pole and was taken to hospital with three cracked ribs, contusions and shock.

He recovered in a couple of weeks—but it meant a serious delay in production.

As regards the quarrelling however, neither the studio nor the stars themselves bear any grudge.

Robinson was seen the other day at Warners asking Raft for an autographed photograph to put in his den. Yes, he got it.

Bogart has been taken back to the Warners' fold, and is at present working on a mystery thriller, "The Maltese Falcon," in the leading role opposite Mary Astor.

Marlene Dietrich, however, who stoutly refused to take sides in the arguments, is the only one who got any fun out of making "Manpower."

She says it was quite a new experience to find someone besides herself accused of being "temperamental."

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CLEANSE
THEIR SKIN?



WHAT KEEPS
FILM-STARS
COMPLEXION
SO YOUNG?



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THAT LOOKS
INVITING IN
A CLOSE-UP
LIKE YOURS
WHAT SHOULD
I DO?



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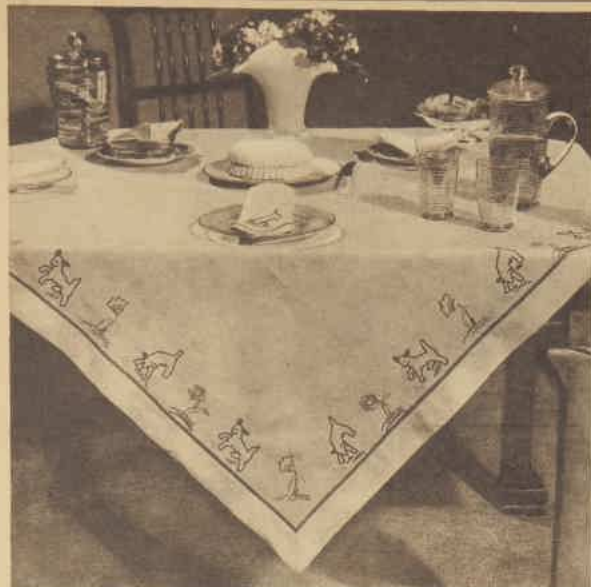


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Sizes 2-4 years. Price 3/3 each. 4-6 years. Price 3/11 each. Postage 3d. Paper pattern only, price 1/3 each. Embroidery transfer, 1/3 extra. Stranded cottons for working in any shade may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 2d. per skein.

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THIS is an unusual set, and you will love making it. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on good quality sheer linen in deep cream, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The cloth measures 36in. x 36in., and the serviettes measure 11in. x 11in. Matching tea-cosy and other accessories are also available.

The design should be worked with three strands of thread, and the following Anchor stranded cottons are required for working: Six skeins F.781 (dark oak leaf), 4 skeins F.689 (black), 3 skeins each F.443 (buttercup), F.462 (light apple-green), F.493 (rose), F.605 (periwinkle-blue), and 1 skein F.448 (heliotrope).

The design is so simple to work, and is done in stem-stitch, with flower centres in satin-stitch, and the flowers in buttonhole. When the embroidery has been completed, turn up a 2in. hem and work a border of close herringbone-stitch, slip-stitching the wrong side.

36 x 36-inch cloth, 7/9 each; 14 x 25-inch traymobile cloth, 4/9 each; 13 x 10-inch tea-cosy, 3/9 each; 11 x 11-inch serviette, 1/- each; 8 x 8-inch d'oyley, 1/- each; 5 x 11-inch d'oyley, 1/- each.

Stranded cottons for working may also be obtained, price 2d. per skein, from our Needlework Department.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 115. A manly spring suit made on smartly tailored lines that every boy will appreciate.

Trim sailor suit

Designed for small boys of 2 to 6 years

A SMART and serviceable suit for 2 to 6 yearers. It is obtainable from our Pattern Department with the pattern clearly traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. It is traced on linora in cream, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green and will launder beautifully. The embroidery design should be worked in buttonhole-stitch in blue, and the stranded cottons for working may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 2d. a skein.

Sizes—2-4 years. 3/6 each; 4-6 years. 4/3 each; plus 3d. for postage. Paper pattern only, price 1/3 each; embroidery transfer, price 1/3 extra.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 158A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 400F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 401G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 170 Castlereagh St., by Dalton House, 115 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O. Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

BRITAIN ALWAYS DELIVERS THE GOODS



There's Plenty on the Way

"Carrying on" in the true British tradition, the manufacturers of Vyella House Products announce that large supplies will arrive soon. Should you in the meantime experience difficulty in obtaining your requirements write direct to this address:

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LIMITED
Box 3335PP, G.P.O., Sydney

Viyella and Clydella
MADE IN ENGLAND

If — they shrink we replace



No. 116

No. 116. Such a dainty, yet essentially practical, frock that you won't be able to resist making it for your small daughter.

Princess style

Easy to wear and bliss to launder



No. 114

No. 114. Quaint little frock with nipped-in waistline and flared skirt in linora.

THIS attractive button-down-the-front frock may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on linora in cream, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green.

The pattern is clearly marked, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. The embroidery should be done in satin-stitch and stem-stitch, and stranded cottons in any colors may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 2d. a skein.

Prices—2-4 years. 2/11 each; 4-6 years. 3/5 each; 6-8 years. 3/11 each; plus 3d. for postage. Paper pattern only, price 1/3 each; embroidery transfer, price 1/3 extra.

Special offer

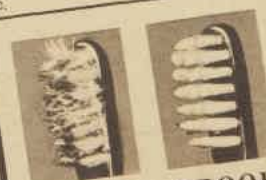
Tek

NEW IMPROVED TOOTHBRUSH with Special EGG CUP

Now is the time to buy the new improved Tek Toothbrush. The toothbrush with treated bristles that give more than four times longer life; the toothbrush that fits everywhere in your mouth, cleans all your teeth, leaves your teeth safe and sound.

Insist on the new improved Tek and make sure you get the attractive coloured egg cup — price 1/9, everywhere.

Product of Johnson & Johnson, World's largest makers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, etc.



HERE'S PROOF

Dramatic test pictured above proves Tek's longer life. (Left). Old style brush with ordinary bristles worn out by laboratory test while (right) new Tek is still full of life after four times more wear. Insist on Tek.

FASHION PORTFOLIO

August 30, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

21

● Young-making style with swing skirt of white, red, and green plaid topped by a nipped-in jacket of bright green with touches of white pique. (Right.)

SIGNS OF SPRING

● Trim shirtwaist frock of fresh blue silk linen polka-dotted with white is pepped up with a cunning little bolero in dazzling white hopsac linen lined with the blue. (Left.)

● Emerald-green silk printed with sprays of cool white flowers inspires this dress-maker suit that plays up back fullness. The green hat is wreathed in purple veiling to match the suede bag. (Below.)

● Heavy white crepe frock with tan aeroplanes swooping over it is offset with a longish, tailored jacket in tan wool garnished with accents of the crepe. (Above.)

● White silk splashed with fuchsia flowers and covered with a sleekly tailored coat in royal-blue sheer wool lined with the same print as the frock. (Right.)

● Crisp white linen candy-striped in dusty-pink for a spring suit featuring long jacket and slim skirt. Three whopping white buttons fasten the jacket. (Right centre.)



Budget frocking for English girls

By ALISON SETTLE
in London

THE big stores, above all the long-established ones with quite a high price level, keep their attention fixed firmly on the mothers these days, while the girls go to shops of their own.

There is, however, one exception. In the girl's first season in society, the year when she leaves the school-room and becomes grown-up, quite suddenly the parents allow a big sum for her coming-out dance dresses and for her Court presentation.

Well, all that is past. The girl who would be "coming-out" is now stepping out into war work. It is war work of her own

● Shopping in London is very different from pre-war days. The young girl's dress allowance is exceedingly slender, and it is hard indeed to make much profit out of the money which the girl brings to the store.

choice until she is 19. Then the State steps in and can draft her to more important work if what she is doing is not considered so essential to the war effort.

She will, from 17 to 19, be driving cars on necessary war work if she lives in London, and training to become an experienced ambulance driver, capable of making all her own running repairs, and of driving "blind" in the dark, without lights.

Or she works daily at a canteen, cooking and washing-up and ordering supplies; that is, if she has had a period of domestic school training.

She may be a land girl at 17, lodging in some far-off cottage, having passed the winter sharing

a room with two other girls; having hot bath water only two or three times a week, and washing in cold on the other days; sleeping in a chilly little bedroom and feeding with the whole family and the other farm workers.

The young girl who will be heiress to the Duke of Sutherland works like that, and so do her young cousins.

Again she may work in a hospital, being given first of all the hardest tasks of cleaning and polishing to do.

But whatever she does you can see that the lovely clothes that once were needed for the London season must necessarily play a very small part in her life. She still gets fun in her time off work—concentrated and simple fun.

For instance, since there are to be no Courts while the war is on, the hundreds of young girls who would have been presented united to run a ball for the famous mothers and babies' hospital, the Queen Charlotte Hospital. They all wore white dresses, though simple white ones, and danced with their soldier, sailor, and airman partners in one of Park Lane's ball-rooms.

It was a lovely sight, with white flowers, a huge white cake drawn on by satin ribbons, and cut by Royalty, and, though it was a night of a very heavy bombing raid, not one girl went home until the party was over.

The girls' own birthdays, once the occasion of dances, become now the occasion of a lunch party for relations and friends at one of the big hotels in London, with the presents shown privately in a room, part of the suite where the family stays.

Often a cinema party follows the lunch. Or a "joining-up" party is given, in town or country, when the young girl goes off to her particular bit of war work.

The young girl, therefore, needs only a very few party clothes. She spends her money at shops of her own choice.

Few party clothes

SO charming is the debutante department of Harrods that the Duchess of Kent, slimmest of Royal ladies, seeing an advertisement of inexpensive young suits in a newspaper, sent to Harrods for half a dozen varieties to try on. She wanted them particularly for playing in the garden with her children.

"Background" dresses are what the young girls all ask for, dresses which can be transformed into many aspects by additions of this and that.

In color they like pastels above all, including fine wools, and parma-violet is their newest and dearest shade. They also ask for all the tan shades, from ocoon-brown to biscuit. And again for that most popular combination, grey with yellow.

They want dresses with variations: such are tie-on apron skirts, say in spotted silk, to be worn over a plain slim underdress, and the apron skirt is matched by a bolero of the same spotted silk. They will also change the aspect of their background dress by having a jacket in that particular length which lies between the bolero and the hip jacket—they call them "monkey jackets"—in a solid color, buying a minutely narrow belt to match, in the same fabric.

Also they make for themselves button-on "bibs," vests or yokes in the finest of white lingerie, of fine handwork with tiny, narrow laces and insertions set in muslin.

Many delight in the new jerkins which replace pullovers to some extent. These jerkins are made in fabric, not knitwear, closely moulded to the figure, buttoning or zipping under the arm and with a widely cut round neckline to show blouse or dress below.

They like to have quite a variety of blouses, not only because they almost live in neat, simple tailored suits, but because they like to buy pinafore dresses which show the blouse.



● BEIGE-AND-BROWN flecked tweed for a finely-pleated skirt, stitched down over the hipline, and a matching jacket tailored like a man's. For further chic Molyneux adds a brown sleeveless pull-over and a light blue shirt.



● WOOL TWEED SKIRT in tiny checks of rust and nigger-brown, featuring a centre panel cut on the cross. With it a rust jumper and brown cardigan in finest cashmere.

A third reason for the popularity of blouses—in finest muslin and lace lingerie, in British ties, in Belfast linen, in Viyella—is that dresses are made with a round low neckline to frame the face and to show the blouse top.

Cotton shirting blouses are tremendously popular, matched by a length of the same cotton to make a turban tie.

These girls pay particular attention to detail when they go shopping. They have changes of collars and cuffs, detachable bibs, tiny boleros all made by hand to wear with a good ready-made dress.

Girls have not bothered about detail for so long, trusting to the "snappiness" of ready-made clothes, that this return to fine work is very welcome.

You will find the girls, when on

leave, climbing the stairs of little houses in back streets, where the button makers and belt makers are to be found, locating the man who copies old English coins, lent him by the British Museum, in gold-powdered glass, or the other firms who make vegetables and food fancies in leather for clasps and buttons.

And for party clothes? All girls delight in cotton lace dresses, the seams, of course, encrusted and not sewn down. For informal dining and dancing they buy exquisitely fine muslin and lace insertion blouses, and wear them with narrow-hipped but swinging cotton skirts boldly patterned with rich colorings, in what are called "Lagos prints." A deep petersham belt—rather in the manner of 1910—unites the two parts.



Because of that HARSH PURGATIVE HABIT

24 YEARS OF AGE

Constipation was not a real menace then. Just an occasional dose of salts to get quicker relief was all she needed. But soon this occasional dose developed into a constant thing. The intestines came to rely on this stimulation.

SAME WOMAN AT THE AGE OF 35

Now the doses became larger—the bowels were being forced into action unwillingly. They were becoming tired and flabby. This woman began to show signs of premature age. Powder and rouge could not hide those tell-tale lines in her face . . . her dull eyes . . . tired skin.

SAME WOMAN AT THE AGE OF 40

An old woman long before her time! And all because of that dangerous habit of taking harsh laxatives every day!

END CONSTIPATION IN A WEEK—THE SAFE NATURAL WAY

When you get into the habit of constant dosing—that's when those lines and wrinkles appear. One specialist estimates 75% of all intestinal troubles in people over 45 is the direct result of the unrestricted use of harsh laxatives.

How to end constipation the safe natural way.

Your bowels need "bulk" to keep them active. Nature put "bulk" mostly into fruit and green vegetables, but modern over-refined cooking is robbing your bowels of this "bulk." But there is a natural bulk food you can eat—Kellogg's All-Bran, the crisp breakfast cereal which acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit and vegetables, but more surely, more thoroughly. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft bulky mass which gives the bowel muscles the gentle exercise they

need. And it does more: as it passes through the intestines it absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination. Your bowels become naturally regular.



Start your breakfast each morning with two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran. Let the milk soak in.

SUAVE STYLES . . . designed for gala evenings



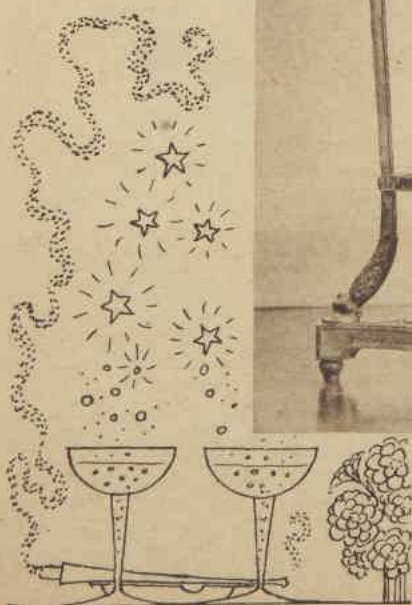
● Skirt fullness achieved by a flurry of accordion pleats. The young charmer in the basket chair wears a tailored evening suit of pale grey sheer with white pique accents. Her friend selects heavy white crepe printed in red and green and a green velvet ribbon sash at the waist.



● Black sheer for a slender frock with low draped décolletage and draped-front skirt. The basque jacket has white organdie and lace ruffles at the neck and wrists, and white flowers are worn in the hair.



● A unique new bodice gives a flattering figure line to this gown of deep geranium-pink silk crepe. The full-cut skirt falls gracefully from the narrow fold at the hip line.



BERET AND SCARF SET . . .

THESE two dashing little items—the jaunty beret and the cosy scarf—are crocheted, but even if you haven't tried this sort of work before you'll find both these garments quite easy to make.

BERET

Materials: Ramada or Vivella 4-ply wool, 2oz. each of red and natural; 1 No. 12 bone crochet hook; 1 yard of millinery wire.

Tension: 7 d.c. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: D.C., double crochet; tr., treble; st., stitch; rep., repeat.

N.B.: Beret is worked throughout in double wool; always use 2 balls of wool.

Using red wool, make 4 chain and join these into a ring with a slip-stitch. Make 1 chain, then work 7 d.c. into ring.

1st Round: 2 d.c. into each d.c. (14 sts.).

2nd Round: * 1 d.c. into first d.c., 2 d.c. into 2nd d.c. Rep. from * all round. (21 sts.)

3rd Round: * 1 d.c. into each of next 2 d.c., 2 d.c. into 3rd d.c. Rep. from * all round. (28 sts.)

It will be found advisable to mark end of round with cotton as guide.

4th Round: * 1 d.c. into each of next 3 d.c., 2 d.c. into 4th d.c. Rep. from * all round. (35 sts.)

5th Round: * 1 d.c. into each of next 4 d.c., 2 d.c. into 5th d.c. Rep. from * all round. (42 sts.)

Now continue in this way, working 1 st. more before each increasing in every round until the 27th round has been worked. This should be as follows:

27th Round: * 1 d.c. into each of next 26 d.c., 2 d.c. into 27th d.c. Rep. from * all round. (126 sts.)

(The work should now measure about 10½ in. across.)

Change to contrasting wool and continue working in rows instead of rounds, breaking off wool at end of row and always working with right side of work facing.

Draw wool through loop on needle and make 12 chain.

Now work 1 treble into each of these chain, then work 1 treble into back loop of each d.c. to end of row.

2nd Row: * Work 1 treble into each of next 6 trebles (always working into back loop), decrease by working 1 tr. into next 2 trebles. Rep. from * to end of row.

3rd Row: 1 treble into each treble to end of row. Rep. these 2 rows once.

6th Row: * 1 tr. into each of next 5 tr., 1 tr. into next 2 tr. Rep. from * to end of row.

7th Row: As the 3rd row.

8th Row: * 1 tr. in o each of next 5 tr., 1 tr. into next 2 tr. Rep. from * to end of row, then work 14 tr. into side edge of underbrim. Finish off with 1 single crochet into next st.

9th Row: Commence about 1 inch from cen'tre-front, work 1 single crochet into first st., then work 1 tr. into each treble to end of row, finishing off with 1 single crochet into last st.

10th Row: Hold a length of embroidery syko or any equally firm thread along edge of work and work 1 d.c. over this thread into every stitch to end of round. Fasten off with a slip-stitch.

Top Neb: Using contrasting wool, work 14 chain.

1st Row: Miss 2 chain, work 1 tr. into each of next 12 chain. Work 2 chain, turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. into each treble, 2 chain turn. Rep. 2nd row 4 times. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Join underbrim at back and neatly fasten off all surplus ends of wool. Stitch millinery wire into edge of the crown.

Gather one side of small square into ring and join edges to form tube. Pad this with wool and stitch to centre-top of crown.

SCARF

Materials: Ramada 4-ply wool, 4oz. of red and 1oz. of beige; No. 1 steel crochet hook.



CLOSE-UP of the crocheted-stitch used in making the scarf. The beret is done in double crochet.

Measurements: Width, 6 inches; length, 40 inches.

Tension: 17 d.c. to 2 inches.

Abbreviations: D.C., double crochet; ch., chain; tr., treble; ins., inches; rep., repeat.

Start by making 49 chain. Turn with 1 chain and work one d.c. into each ch. (49 d.c.). Continue in d.c. for 6 rows, turning each with one ch. into 2nd d.c.

Next Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. into 2nd d.c., * 1 ch., miss 1 d.c., work 3 tr. into next 3 d.c., 1 ch., miss 1 d.c., work 1 tr. into next d.c. Rep. from * to end. Rep. this row 3 times more, then continue in trebles right across row for 4 rows. Rep. four pattern rows once.

Continue in trebles for 32 inches and then rep. border, ending with 6 rows of d.c. to match other end.

Fringe: Cut a number of 3-inch lengths of contrasting colored wool, and taking 3 strands at a time thread through open borders as follows: Pass under lowest bar, over second bar, and under top bar, then across in front of single treble at top and down holes on other side. Thread each group of holes in same way right across scarf and then thread other three open borders in same way.



A JAUNTY BERET and matching scarf to make you look young and gay. Both are crocheted in 4-ply wool in red and natural tones. The only stitches used are treble and double crochet—both very easy to do.

Lady Tarbot now cares for little evacuees . . .



Lady Tarbot loves children, and has three delightful small daughters. She is a member of the Women's Voluntary Service, and her war work is in connection with children. She goes every day to a nearby Hostel to which crippled children have been evacuated. There she helps with meals, supervises the mending of clothes, and often takes some of the little ones back to her own lovely house to play.

QUESTION TO LADY TARBOT:

Nowadays, of course, you are busier than ever. Do you still get time to give your skin elaborate treatment?

ANSWER:

"I've always used Pond's simple beauty care—deep skin cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, and then Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base."

QUESTION TO LADY TARBOT:

How do you apply Pond's Cold Cream?

ANSWER:

"I simply pat it on last thing before bed, let it sink into the pores, then wipe it all away, and with it goes the dirt. My skin feels and looks beautifully fresh and soft afterwards."

QUESTION TO LADY TARBOT:

And Pond's Vanishing Cream?

ANSWER:

"Well, I never dream of applying powder or rouge directly to my skin. I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream first. It's a wonderful protection against cold winds, and it makes powder and make-up go on far more smoothly and cling for hours longer."

but despite war strain,
keeps her skin
radiant with Pond's
two creams



YOU CAN FOLLOW THE SAME BEAUTY METHOD AS THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN — POND'S TWO CREAMS

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a

powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Now here's an extra beauty tip. To make your skin stay soft and smooth, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night after your usual cleansing before bed. Do this every night and soon you will see an amazing difference.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/3 tubes 1/1 jars and generous 2/8 jars containing approximately 3½ times as much. (Inc. S.T.)

FREE! Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in the free tubes of Pond's Two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glow-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ☐ ROSE ☐ STANTAN ☐
LIGHT ☐ BRUNETTE ☐ NATURAL ☐ LIGHT NATURAL ☐

POND'S DEPT. (X.55), Box 1111, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME

ADDRESS

Fashion PATTERNS

**Get ready for the new
season with these
flattering styles**

F3288. — Chic style for matrons with flattering sleeves and crisp, white petal collar. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2145. — Well-cut slacksuit featuring figure-moulding sweater-top with sailor collar. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2120. — Pleated skirt topped by a trim, long-waisted sailor blouse and designed for young things 2 to 8 years. Requires 1yd. for skirt and 1½yds. for blouse, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2146. — Full skirt in brilliant floral worn with a tailored blouse and crushed cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2yds. for skirt, 1½yds. for blouse, ½yd. for cummerbund, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3276. — Perfect business-girl's frock with a garnishing of white frilling and wide tucks on the bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. frilling. Pattern, 1/7.

F3281. — An unusual draped bodice and bracelet-length sleeves highlight this smart day frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3283. — Sophisticated trend with nipped-in bodice and graceful skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F3288

F2145

F2120

F2146



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Dainty Lingerie Set. Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.
No. 1, Nightgown: Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. lace.
No. 2, Slip: Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 3, Seanties: Requires 1yd., 36ins. wide.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 2d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:—

Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 400P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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Pattern Coupon, 30/8/41.



F3276

F3281

F3283

PLEASE NOTE!

• To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:
• Write your name and full address in block letters. • Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes.
• State size required. • For children, state age of child. • Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



"I wouldn't change my
GLASS tea cups for all the tea
in 'China'!"

GLASS cups and saucers are here to stay—in more senses than one! They outlast china by years and years. They are much harder to break or crack: and, because they do not craze, are infinitely more hygienic. From the artistic point of view—well, just take one look at the latest glass cups in clear, green or amber! Compare them with their commonplace china ancestors! Only one decision is possible. Another point: Glass cups and saucers are made in Australia. Glass on your breakfast tray or tea-table is a practical gesture of patriotism. Wherever cups and saucers are sold you can buy them in GLASS.


Crown

CUPS • SAUCERS & PLATES

MADE BY THE DISTRIBUTORS OF AGEE PYREX-WARE

CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.



IN THREE MODERN COLOURS... CLEAR... GREEN... AMBER

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

White mice . . .

CUDDLY toys, fleecy baby woolies, nursery screens, and little-girl frocks among many things that fascinate me at Children's Shop held by naval wives at Deric Deane's in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors.

Overhear Lady Wakehurst say, when being shown little white felt mice for Christmas stockings . . . "They're lovely. I must have some, my children still have stockings." Also wonder who will be recipient of Vice-Regal purchase of money-box.

Mothers, grandmothers, and aunts have grand time choosing presents for young generation . . . Mrs. A. J. Warry for grandson John Beresford Grant, Mrs. Vincent Fairfax for daughter Sally; Mrs. G. W. Paine for children, Elizabeth and Michael; Mrs. C. J. Pope for baby niece, Neroli McAllister. Glimpse newly-married Mrs. H. S. Nicholas buying clothes for brand-new step-grandson, William Patrick Nicholas, son of Lieut. Pat and Mrs. Nicholas.

Lady Jordan in charge of competition . . . first prize colored felt Noah's Ark complete with animals, made by her sister, Mrs. James Robinson, of Kimo, Gundagai.

Inseparable twins . . .

WITH four-months-old daughter Mary Prudence, Mil (Mrs. Arthur) Dunlop comes from Tavito, Inverell, for wedding of twin sister Lou Sherwood with John Sheerin at St. Mary's, this Saturday.

Mil and Lou, titian-haired twin daughters of the C. O. Sherwoods, of Burwood, were inseparable until Mil's wedding last year. Lou, then her bridesmaid, is now godmother to niece Mary Prudence. Younger sister, Phyllis, will accompany bride up the aisle at this wedding . . . James Doyle best man. Eighty guests at Wentworth reception afterwards.

Bridegroom chooses useful gifts . . . petit-point dressing-table set for bride and travelling case for bridesmaid.

They catch the eye . . .

WIDE white "blackout" bands on Diana Massie's plum felt hat. Also on forest-green felt hat worn by Eve Sheedy.

Mrs. Geoff Lowe's full-skirted black net dinner gown, trimmed with narrow bands of green plaid taffeta in geometric design.

Mrs. Tom Holt, of Melbourne, wearing navy felt breton swathed with stop-red.

Tiny stitches . . .

AM amazed at exquisite knitting and sewing of New South Wales' schoolchildren for British bomb victims. Lovely pink, blue, and white babies' clothes, warm skirts, jackets, jumpers, boys' trousers, sweaters and multi-colored rugs in hundreds.

Lady Anderson, president of British Children's Comforts Fund, so delighted with quality and number of gift garments (5000 in last fortnight), thinks general public should have opportunity of seeing same before sent to London. Hence exhibition at David Jones', Market Street, until this Tuesday.

Lady Wakehurst performs official opening . . . London letter from her sister, Mrs. Walter Elliott, expresses gratitude to committee for 51,000 garments sent this year.

Busy day . . .

NO spare time at all for Lord Mayor's Younger Set committee on day of their champagne cocktail party at Prince's. During afternoon they drop in to arrange decorations and lend hand with mixing of cocktails . . . at five p.m. they return all dressed up in party frocks . . . at 6.15 they appear as mannequins in glamorous models . . . then back into party frocks again.

Kath Menzies, fresh from Morse code class, arrives in black crepe frock and pretty swathed blue turban . . . changes to frill-skirted black taffeta dinner frock and fetching d'oyley chapeau for parade. Others in mannequin show are Ruth Walker, Eve Sheedy, Norma Robinson, Danie Griffin, June Paget.

Lismore bride . . .

COUNTRY visitors in town for wedding of Mary McDermott and Barry Johnson include Jim Chisholms, S. J. Hosles, and Charles McKenzies, all from Lismore. Bride, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. McDermott, of Lismore, chooses cousins Jane Allan, Mary Anderson, Mary Corlis, of Capertee, for bridesmaids, and young cousin Margaret Cahill for flower girl. Groomsmen are Alcraftman Dermott McDermott and his brother John. Erik Sodersteen best man.

Embroidered tulle veil and necklace of tourmalines worn by her mother on her wedding day form part of bride's array. Bridegroom's present is lovely diamond keeper ring.

Voluntary shift work . . .

VISITOR from New Zealand, Mrs. Welton Hogg, at present staying with parents, Dr. and Mrs. Splers Kirkland, tells me that in her home town, Wellington, she works at woollen mill factory.

Arranges work among eight friends so that two at a time have eight-hour day each week. Four of them finish 240lb. of wool . . . "finish" means straighten every skein, label it, sort into hanks and press into 3lb. parcels all ready for warehouse or shop.

All work is for military requirements . . . navy, khaki, and black for N.Z. airmen's socks. Started group 15 months ago when special appeal was made for volunteers to step up woollen output.

Private enterprise . . .

FORTNIGHT after war began Mrs. L. Seaborn began small Monday afternoon bridge parties to raise money for Red Cross and war funds . . . to date almost £600. About 25 "regulars" meet weekly at home of Mrs. Seaborn's mother, Mrs. Frank Broughton, in Edgecliff Road.

Card players also make garments and knit, regularly sending bundles to minesweepers in England.

Seen around town . . .

MELBOURNE visitor Betty Trenchard lunching at Prince's . . . violets fastened at neckline of smart gunmetal-green suit.

And heard . . .

PAMMIE DARLING is learning shorthand and typing . . . travels to town daily, Pitman book tucked under her arm.



● **CAMERA** catches Mrs. H. V. Evatt stepping from train at Canberra, where her husband, Dr. Evatt, attends special session of Parliament.



● **MAKE-UP.** Margaret Christmas adds finishing touches before appearing in appliqued peach satin gown at Vanity Vogue parade, Australia Hotel.



● **A.I.F. CLUB CHAT.** Mrs. T. C. Le Muistee Walker (left), Mrs. J. C. O'Neill, and Mrs. G. H. Sautelle (right) get together at new clubrooms at Y.W.C.A. hall.



● **COOK-HOUSE DUTY** at W.A.N.S. camp, Kuring-gai Chase. Mrs. A. B. Pickering (left) and Miss M. Maxwell.



● **BACKSTAGE.** Solo artist Jeanne Gautier (left), with Mrs. Montague Brearley, wife of conductor, before appearance with Sydney Symphony Orchestra.



● **VERY PLEASED** with results of Children's Shop at Deric Deane's are Mesdames John Crace and G. C. Muirhead-Gould.



● **MATRON** of new Land Army Girls' camp, Gosford (Mrs. J. Ihlen), helps Waveney Brack serve dinner for eight hungry workers.



● **ARMFUL** OF RUGS made by schoolchildren for young British victims of Nazi air raids. Elwyn Rex Smith assists at Gift Garments exhibition, David Jones'.



HOW TO KEEP FIT

You can't keep fit if you suffer from constipation. Constipation saps energy, makes you feel tired and "off-colour." **NYAL FIGSEN**, the gentle laxative, ends constipation quickly and naturally. Figsen is made from three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. That's why Figsen is NOT habit-forming, and why it is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3 a tin. (The next best thing to Nature...)

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FOR CONSTIPATION

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Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frosol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frosol-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frosol-Ice. ***

Itch Germs Killed in 7 Minutes

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching. Cracking, Eczema, Psoriasis, Burning Ache, Ringworm, Parasitis, Blackheads, Pimples, Poot, Itch and other skin troubles. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs in 7 minutes and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

Nixoderm NOW 2/1
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



INDIGESTION

Most of us are working long hours—and who is free from worry just now? Overwork and worry play havoc with the delicate digestive organs. Appetite goes. Even a well-cooked meal may give you heartburn, flatulence or pain, instead of building up strength and energy.

Don't neglect those danger signals. Tackle your indigestion at once with De Witt's Antacid Powder, the remedy

which corrects stomach trouble scientifically in three stages. First it *neutralises* excess acid. Then it *soothes and protects* the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it *helps to digest* your food—so relieving the weakened stomach. That's why De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly stops indigestion and then restores a healthy appetite. No matter how long you have suffered, you will soon be eating what you like—enjoying every meal.

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"HENRY is perfectly right. What else does he say?"

"Well—" Sally hesitated. What else did Henry say? "Henry is awfully brilliant. He can tell you all the economic reasons for everything. And he believes in a constitutional monarchy—like England, you know. He's very brilliant about that."

"And when do you marry Henry?" Mr. Frame asked gravely.

"Oh, it won't be for a long time," Sally said cheerfully. "We haven't got nearly enough saved up. We've only been saving for two years."

"Only been—yes. Er—do you see a good deal of Henry?"

"Well, no," Sally admitted. "He lives in Boston. But he writes every week."

"I see," said Mr. Frame. There was a rather long pause. Sally looked up in time to catch his eyes upon her, and her spine stiffened. Could it have been pity she saw there?

"Look," he said. "Let's go over to Hamilton this evening for dinner and dancing. How about it?"

For a moment she wanted terribly to say, "You needn't be nice to me because you're sorry for me. Find someone else to dance with. Henry may not be very exciting, but he is a dear." But this was Mrs. Frame's son, and she had been told to entertain him. "Thank you," she said coldly. "I'd love to."

She was still a little aloof when they got into the carriage to drive to Hamilton. Lindsay paused with his foot on the step and said:

"I can't call you Miss MacGregor in that dress. You don't look nearly antiseptic enough."

Sally smiled in spite of herself. "If I look so germ-y you'd better call me Sally."

He got in beside her. "Sally, the busy nurse—only for this week you're not going to be a nurse at all. You're going to be a pretty, breath-taking, red-haired girl."

It was impossible to be cool and distant after that. The carriage rolled along the palm-fringed road, and the moon filled the horizon with a prophetic radiance.

"Tell me," said Lindsay, "how did you happen to be a nurse in the first place?"

"I suppose at first because I had to earn my living," Sally began practically. "And then—" She hesitated, glanced up at him. If he looked amused or contemptuous... but his eyes were interested and steady, without a trace of condescension. "Because of Sister Benigna. She made me see the—idea back of nursing."

"The idea back of it?" He looked puzzled.

"She made me understand what it is to be selfless. I'm not—naturally."

Back to Normal

Continued from page 6

But she once said to me, 'If you're a nurse you must remember that the world is much bigger than you are and you're the least important person in it.' I never forgot that. She was that sort of woman."

Lindsay frowned. "Kind of dangerous philosophy, isn't it?"

Sally was amazed. "Dangerous?"

"Well—it might leave you without any assurance to meet the rest of life with. I'm all for altruism, of course, but if you carry it too far, some day you may be altruistic in the wrong place. Sometimes a situation calls for spirit—even downright selfishness." His serious eyes lightened and he laughed suddenly. "I'd love to see Clare Kingston's face if you offered her that—that the world is bigger than she is. Nothing is bigger than Clare. There's a girl with spirit!"

From what she had heard of Miss Kingston Sally could believe it. Clare Kingston would never believe she was the least important person in the world. Poor Clare. She couldn't ever know the indescribable thrill of nursing, of challenging death, of putting every ounce of strength and knowledge and will-power into the saving of another person's life... She could only collect emeralds and give picnics for Crown Princes in the Tyrolean Alps and have her picture taken for a fashion magazine. Poor Clare...

The clasp-clap of horses' hoofs slowed and stopped outside the big, spreading hotel, pale in the moonlight. Sally felt suddenly like a very young probationer about to witness her first operation.

"Chin up!" said Lindsay. "Don't forget—from this minute on you don't know what a bandage is for."

The room was big, filled with music and laughter. "This music is too good to miss," said Lindsay, and whirled Sally straight on to the dance floor. When they came back to their little table Lindsay said: "Don't know how to behave on a holiday, eh? I suppose they taught you to dance like that in the operating-room?"

Sally laughed up at him.

"Well, if it's not Lin Frame!" They both jumped. A very brown, rather square young man with an engaging grin stood over them.

"Hi, Jock!" Lindsay wrung the young man's hand. "Sally, this is Mr. Lawrence, the man who never won a yacht race—Miss MacGregor, Jock."

Without more ado Mr. Lawrence sat down, his eyes on Sally.

"Does Clare know about this

extra-curricula activity, Lindsay, my boy?" he inquired, benignly.

Two splashes of color sprang into Sally's cheeks.

"Miss MacGregor," said Lindsay, with dignity, "is a friend of my mother's."

Jock grinned at Sally. "Remarkably well preserved," he said. "How about dancing with me? I like older people, too."

Sally hesitated a moment; and in that moment she saw a look of annoyance in Lindsay's eyes, a curiously heartening look.

"I'd love to," said Sally.

He was fun to dance with and easy to laugh at. When they got back to their table, they found that Lindsay had been joined by two girls and another man.

"My camp followers," said Jock, by way of introduction.

They all crowded round the little table, and one of the girls said to Sally:

"When's Clare coming?" "Next week, I think," Sally answered. And then, infinitely daring, "I wish someone would tell me what she's really like. Lindsay's incoherent."

One of the girls laughed. "You've never met her? My dear—" she stopped abruptly. Lindsay, quite unconscious of the pause, said:

"Clare? She's a dazzling person. She does just what she wants to, always, and gets away with it because she's so absolutely sure of herself. She's as stimulating as—no cognac."

The music began again with a crash. Sally felt suddenly depressed. It would be nice to be dazzling—fascinating—stimulating. Only if she were all those things she couldn't be a trained nurse.

Jock Lawrence was leaning toward her. "If you ask me," he murmured, "I'd say she was the iron hand in the iron glove. Can't you save him from a fate worse than death?"

Sally laughed quickly. "And if it comes to that," he bent nearer. "I need the love of a good woman myself—"

"You need a strait-jacket," said Lindsay's voice. "Come on, Sally, let's dance."

She looked up at him when they were on the floor, and said, under cover of the music: "You're being awfully good to me, Lindsay. And I'm having such fun. Although anyone could get along with those people—they're so simple and natural."

"JOCK LAW-

RENCE," said Lindsay, dryly, "has an income of two hundred thousand a year. And the dark girl has just divorced Lord Malmsey. And the medium-dark girl was the belle of New York and sings in a nightclub for fun. They were simple and natural because you're simple and natural. You," said Lindsay, "are a very great lady."

Sally's heart doubled a beat.

Suddenly she thought: Henry! with the desperation of a drowning man who calls wildly for help. But Henry was dim and far away and unimportant. She struggled to get a clear, reassuring picture of him. Henry remained obstinately out of focus. Sally shut her eyes for just a moment... the cool smell of salt water, the warm beat of music, she and Lindsay moving effortlessly, perfectly in step.

"Let's take our lunch and find a little beach to-morrow," he said suddenly.

"Let's," said Sally, and went down finally and for the third time.

It went on for four days—four whole days of bicycling and swimming and dancing and talk that was interrupted by silences that neither of them noticed. Sally refused to look her own thoughts in the face.

It's a vacation, she told herself. Why shouldn't I have fun on a vacation? Somewhere, below the surface of her mind, another voice asked uneasily whether this dizzy sweetness were a part of every vacation. But the way to still that voice was to say: He's looking forward to next week, when Clare Kingston comes. He's not bored with me any more, I have entertained him. But that's all. He's waiting for her.

Then one noon Sally was crossing the lawn towards the deck chairs. It was very hot, and she yawned with the grace and satisfaction of a kitten—and her mouth stayed open while the yawn vanished, incomplete, from shock.

Clare Kingston sat in the deck chair beside Mrs. Frame. A pink coat tossed over the arm... a white cigarette-holder in fingers that looked as though they had been dipped in blood... a strange, towering, amusing, frightening hat.

"Hi, Sally!" Lindsay waved at her. "Come on—Clare got in on the Duchess this morning."

For a moment Sally stood quite still. Then she went on, but something had happened. Sally MacGregor, registered nurse, was realising in twelve steps across a lawn that she had been a fool, that she had made a mistake that only fools make, and that, thanks to her guardian angel, no one but herself knew it—or would ever know it.

"Clare, this is Miss MacGregor, who nursed mother," began Lindsay.

Please turn to page 30

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- Welcome guests these two American warships which popped in at Brisbane on a surprise visit some weeks back. Now see if you can pick them out from these.
Minnesota—City of Ohio—Northampton—Washington—New Jersey—Salt Lake City.
- You know the precious stone agate? It is
Blue—green—red—variegated in color.
- "Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!" rapturously cried the poet Shelley—the spirit in question being a
Genial ghost—skylark—cuckoo—innkeeper.
- If your learned friend can write the letters Ph.D. after his name, that means he's a
Doctor of Physics—Doctor of Philology—Doctor of Philosophy—Doctor of Pharmacy.
- By now we've found out that the capital of Thailand is
Saigon—Batra—Bangkok—Haiphon—Rangoon.
- And while we're meandering in Eastern parts, did you know that that famous cult of the East, Buddhism, originated in
Burma—India—China—Ceylon.
- If you were told to cut out the protein foods, you could still eat
Fowl—sugar—cabbage—cheese.
- You associate Major-General L. J. Morshead with the command of
The Australian Army in Malaya—the Anzacs in Crete—the Anzacs who took part in the

Syrian invasion—the Tobruk garrison.
9—Alluvial soil? Oh, yes, that means soil that is
Mineral bearing—full of stones—deposited by water—volcanic in origin.
10—Now, to end with a gift, and a very pleasant one. That new Stirling plane, of which the R.A.F. is so proud, is a
Bomber—fighter.

Answers on page 30



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NT-1-41

WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Virgoans often want to rule the lives of others. They must learn that others don't always want their lives ruled.

VIRGOANS—people born between August 24 and September 23—can become the nicest, kindest, and most worthy of people. But they must not over-develop a consciousness of their own greatness, and they must, at the same time, learn to control and use wisely their strong desires to analyse and criticise and rule everybody.

They dislike that which is unclear in any way—whether mental, moral, or physical. They also object to waste and carelessness, untidiness and laxness.

They are seldom content to leave the world the same as they find it, and will spend their lives unselfishly striving to serve others and improve their lot. The only trouble is that they sometimes make their sacrifices so apparent that they earn unpopularity instead of thanks.

Sincere and genuine Virgoans are a delight to contact—upright, kindly, sympathetic, and gentle.

There are other types, of course, but all of them must guard against developing into interfering busy-bodies.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): August 26 and 27 (early) and September 1 and 2 (around noon), can produce mild difficulties. August 29 (after 9 p.m.), 30 (around 8 a.m.), and 31 (noon after sunrise) fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Things improve considerably for many Taurians now. Some will experience a complete change from trouble and difficulties to pleasure, opportunities and general well-being. The moderate caution of August 27 (evening), 28, and 29 (morning). Make very good use of August 31 (mid-evening, and around sunrise) and September 2 (from 3 p.m.). Seek gain and pleasure then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Be on guard against difficulties, delays, annoyances, arguments and worries during the next few weeks. Take things quietly, and try to avoid upsets on August 28, 29, and 31.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Quite good for many now, provided diligence, wise planning, and common sense are allied in your search for prosperity and happiness. Make use of August 27 (around 4 p.m. and after 8 p.m.), 28 (forenoon), and 29 (between 7.30 and 8.30 only).

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Try to consolidate any gains made recently, but avoid new ventures. August 29 (near 10 p.m.), 30 (near 8 a.m. only), and 31 (between 5 and 7 a.m.), just fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Work hard now for you can help yourselves to additional success or happiness. August 30 (p.m.), 30 and 31 (morning) call for cautious living. August 27 (p.m. hours, excepting 7 to 9 p.m.), 28, and 29 (forenoon), 31 (mid-evening), and September 2 (sunrise and after 2 p.m.) good.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Unspectacular for most Librans, but a good time to plan for the near future. Meanwhile, August 27 (morning) should be utilized to good account. Also August 26 (near 4 p.m.).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Many Scorpions can benefit at this time. Do not demand the impossible, but work hard for modest gains. Utilise August 27 (p.m. hours excepting 8 to 9 p.m.), 28 (forenoon), and 29 (near 8 a.m.).

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Don't take risks of any kind now. Your judgment will be at fault, and difficulties or delays or arguments predominate. This is especially so on August 28, 29, and 31. Try to avoid upsets and worries and concentrate on routine tasks.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): Your chances of success and happiness are greatly increased now, so plan wisely, work hard, and be confident. Seek promotion, gains, make changes or requests, etc., on August 27 (near 4 p.m. or after 9 p.m.), 28 and 29 (forenoon), 31 (evening), and September 2 (near 8.30 a.m. or any time after 3 p.m.) especially good.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Things improve somewhat now, but do not begin new ventures just yet. August 27 (near 4 p.m.), 28 (morning only), are best, but avoid over-confidence.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Losses, partings, disappointments, or opposition and upsets are likely at this time. Be cautious and patient, especially on August 28, 29, and 31.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are working to solve the mystery of the Walking Mummy at the Orient Museum.

DR. WHITE: The Director, and father of **SONNY:** Is anxious to help them, but their efforts are scorned by **DR. BENDAR:** Assistant curator. While at the museum with Dr. White and Sonny, Man-

drake fails to catch the Walking Mummy, and is about to enter the mummy case, which has a false back, when a hand grasping a gun emerges from a panel in an ancient idol. Mandrake throws Sonny's camera and knocks the gun from the hand, but when they reach the idol the panel has closed. At that moment Dr. Bendar arrives with two guards. NOW READ ON.



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 27.—
Mr. Edwards and Goodie
Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 28.—
Goodie Reeve in Tales from
the Talkies.

FRIDAY, August 29.—
"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, August 30.—
Goodie Reeve presents
"Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, August 31.—
Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, September 1.—
With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, September 2.—
The Australian Women's
Weekly presents Goodie Reeve
in Gems of Melody and
Thought.

CLARE KINGSTON'S eyes met Sally's. "How do you do?" she said, with a smile that was as correctly empty of warmth as a visiting-card; and her eyes swept Sally from head to heel. Swept her as though Sally had been a piece of material she had absent-mindedly fingered and rejected.

Sally, standing there, saw herself pitilessly as Clare Kingston must see her: a medium-sized girl with a fairly decent figure, who had never had the wit to do anything startling with her red hair or her green eyes or her white skin, whose capable hands were unexciting and whose clothes were merely inconspicuous.

"Sit on the foot of my chair," suggested Mrs. Frame. Sally sat. "Is there time for a swim before lunch?" Lindsay wondered. He looked at his watch with an oddly nervous motion. "We could all go—"

"Darling, don't ask me to go for one of those dreadful things called a 'dip,'" Clare implored. "It always makes me feel as though I were at a girls' camp. It takes me hours to swim and hours to dry off. Don't you think so, Miss—er—MacGregor?"

Back to Normal

Continued from page 28

"Yes," said Sally flatly. Mrs. Frame moved sharply in the chair. "Well, there'll be plenty of time to swim this afternoon," she said.

Clare smiled at her brilliantly, and turned to Lindsay. "There's only one thing worth doing in Bermuda," she said lazily. "Ride. Do you think we could get a couple of decent horses, darling?"

"Maybe," said Lindsay. "Do you ride, Sally?"

"No," said Sally. "We've been bicycling," Lindsay said to Clare, with a kind of urgency in his voice. Clare laughed charmingly.

"I think I'd rather learn to crochet," she said. "I wish I'd seen you, Lin. Do you wear those fascinating clip things around your ankles, darling? You must have looked perfectly sweet—like Victoria's Jubilee or something."

She turned, on the words, to the older woman.

"You know I do think you've made a remarkable recovery, Mrs. Frame," she said.

"Entirely due to Miss MacGregor," said Mrs. Frame.

"Really?" said Clare vaguely. "How wonderful."

Then she stood up and stretched. "I'm going in to get pulled together, if you'll forgive me, Mrs. Frame. Do you want to carry this thing for me, darling?" And she tossed the mink coat at Lindsay. He caught it, looked at it as though it were suddenly of profound interest, and looked up. Clare's eyes were on him, and her brilliant smile. He gave a funny little shrug, as though he had said, "Why worry?" in so many words.

They walked away across the grass.

For a moment there was silence. Then Sally said in a stifled voice:

"Will you forgive me if I go back to-morrow on the Duchess?"

"Can't you see she's scared to death of you?" Mrs. Frame said savagely.

Sally tried not to look as contemptuous of this transparent encouragement as she felt.

"You make me sick," said Mrs. Frame. "Go back if you must."

Sally stared at the grass to keep back the humiliating tears. "I don't want you to think I'm ungrateful—"

"I don't want gratitude," said Mrs. Frame. "I want Lindsay's happiness. Look me up when we get back to New York, will you? After the wedding."

Sally went quickly across the grass again. In her own room she pulled her suitcases out of her closet and began packing swiftly and carefully. Her own life. She always had it to turn to, like the cool white cell of a nun. This hot humiliation would be shut out. And if Henry Bates could never quite shut out the image of another man—well, at least it was an image that no one else but herself would know she carried.

She went into the hall to telephone for a stateroom on the Duchess, and saw a letter addressed to her in Henry's writing. The morning mail . . . She looked at it for a long time; and then, with steady fingers, she tore it across twice and threw it into the scrap basket. She would rather live with the image of one man than the reality of another. The letter to Henry would be a hard one to write. She could do it on the boat going north.

She was a little late to lunch. "Hermine has dyed her hair the most extraordinary color," Clare was saying. "Borgi says she looked like a fuchsia. But then, most red hair—"

Lindsay said to Sally: "We'll be back about half-past four to swim. Shall we pick you up then?"

Clare said: "Have you a cigarette, darling? Thanks. As a matter of fact I'm afraid I told the Fair-weather we'd drop in for a cocktail at half-past four. You'll forgive us, won't you, Miss MacGregor?"

"Of course," said Sally, politely. "To-morrow morning, then?"

Lindsay pursued stubbornly. "I'll be on board the Duchess," said Sally, and smiled through Clare's cigarette smoke.

Lindsay stared at her. "You're not leaving? I thought—"

"Of course she's leaving," said Mrs. Frame crisply. "I don't need her and Dr. Barton does. And now that Clare's here, there's no reason for me to keep her—"

"Naturally not," said Lindsay, without even a glance at Sally. "We'd better get started, Clare."

They came back late in the afternoon. Sally heard them leave soon afterward. Clare's laugh floated under Sally's window as they followed the path to a waiting carriage.

"I hope it's better than most British orchestras," she said. "Darling, next year we must go to Florence."

When she had read the same page four times, Sally put out the light, defeated. They were dancing now. They were laughing. They were making plans for next year. It was very early in the morning

The answer is—

- 1—Northampton and Salt Lake City.
- 2—Variegated in color.
- 3—Skylark. (In the poem, "To a Skylark.")
- 4—Doctor of Philosophy.
- 5—Bangkok.
- 6—India.
- 7—Sugar and cabbage.
- 8—The Tobruk garrison.
- 9—Deposited by water.
- 10—Bomber.

Questions on page 28.

when they came back. Sally sat up in bed. Clare's voice was as sharp in the stillness as an etched line on a white page.

"But what difference does it make anyway, Lin, whether I like her or not? She's just a little mouse of a girl—"

"Not when you get to know her," Lindsay's voice was lower, but it had a stubborn quality. "She's fun—and she knows people."

"But not the right ones," Clare said lightly. "Lin, dear, really, why have we had to analyse the character of your mother's nurse all evening? Don't you really think . . ."

The voices vanished. Sally turned her face to the pillow and lay rigid in every muscle. Sister Benigna, you wouldn't understand.

They weren't at breakfast the next morning. Nor were they at lunch. The Duchess sailed at three. They'd gone out riding for the whole day. Numbly, Sally was closing her bags. Lock the suitcase, you fool, and stop listening for horses' hoofs . . .

Somewhere there was a sound of voices, agitated voices with a note in them that brought her to her feet. A door slammed and someone called an order. Sally opened her door.

"It's all right, Mrs. Frame," said the frightened voice of the manager. "Now don't get excited."

"I'm not excited," Mrs. Frame's voice sounded clear and cold. "Let go of my arm. Call Miss MacGregor. Put him in my room. There are twin beds."

"Oh, be careful!" cried Clare Kingston in a high, harsh voice. "Don't—"

Sally was out in the corridor. They had Lindsay on a kind of stretcher. There were men.

"In there," said Sally, pointing into Mrs. Frame's big double room . . . Lindsay's face was as white as though he were dead, and his eyes were shut.

"Thrown?" said Sally shortly to Clare.

Clare nodded and gave a shuddering little sob. "Oh, I can't bear to look at him," she said.

"Has anyone called the doctor?" Sally asked sharply. The manager darted away. She turned to the bed. "Take the pillow away from his head. Stay here," she said to one of the men. "You can help me undress him. Take off his boots." A chambermaid appeared in the door with a frightened face. "Get me an icebag—quickly. And two hot-water bottles. And some extra blankets." She turned to Mrs. Frame. "You'd better stay in my room," she said gently. "It's probably concussion. He may be unconscious for a couple of hours."

Mrs. Frame marched across the hall to Sally's room and shut the door.

"Miss Kingston, you'd better go and get some brandy."

"Oh, no—I must stay here," Clare moaned, leaning against the door frame.

"Please go," said Sally.

Please turn to page 31

MISSING FRIENDS

TOM REGINALD PHILLIPSON

If Tom Reginald Phillipson, whose last known address was Henderson, Auckland, New Zealand, and who left for Australia about eight years ago, will communicate with the undersigned, he will hear something to his advantage. The Trust Manager, Trustee Executor and Agency Branch, THE NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED, Queen Street, Auckland, New Zealand.

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Back to Normal

Continued from page 30

"I CAN'T!" Clare began to sob hysterically. "You haven't any right."

Sally took her by the shoulders and pushed her firmly into the hall. "Now stay out," she said calmly, and shut the door behind her.

They undressed him quickly. She was sure no bones were broken. She put an icebag at the back of his neck. Hot water-bottles wrapped in blankets. Extra blankets over him. The shades drawn against the sunlight.

Home they brought her warrior dead. Home they brought—where did that sentence come from?

Sally went into her room and changed into the uniform lying folded on top of her suitcase. Mrs. Frame sat quietly by the window. "May I unpack that bag for you?" she said.

"Thank you," said Sally. Home they brought her warrior dead. "Where's that doctor?" inquired Mrs. Frame in her most arrogant voice.

"He's coming," Sally told her evenly. Home they brought... on his shield. She remembered now, a poem in school. And her hand-maidens begged her to cry. But she

couldn't. There weren't any tears. Or at least there was too much to be done. She fumbled at her cuff buttons.

"Here, let me," said Mrs. Frame. "Thank you," said Sally. Home they brought. She took Mrs. Frame's hands tightly. Pull yourself together, MacGregor.

"I've been a fool," she said. "There's the doctor," said Mrs. Frame.

It was confusion. The doctor was young and pleasant and seemed to know what he was doing.

"You've done the right things," he told her, snapping his bag shut. "He'll probably regain consciousness in a couple of hours. You know how to go on. I'll call in again this evening, but he's to have absolute quiet for at least two days. Don't let him see anyone. That Miss Kingston, his fiancée? Better keep her out. I'll give her a sedative. Call me if you need me."

All the old phrases. "Yes, doctor," said Sally. "You're all right?" "Perfectly," said Sally. Perfectly. She moved quietly about the room, safe and sure inside her starched uniform. Safe and sure. His pulse was stronger, his breathing more regular.

The bright day faded, and as the light left the room, color seeped back into his face. He turned his head and groaned a little.

"Don't move," said Sally gently. "It's all right," he lay still. Twilight came. He opened his eyes. "That horse—" he said.

"I know. Gave you a slight concussion. All you need is quiet." "It feels awful," he said, like a small boy. "Don't go."

"I'll be here," Sally told him. He closed his eyes and in a moment he was sleeping naturally.

At dinner time, Sally left the chambermaid on guard and went down. She could have had dinner brought to her room. But somehow she wanted to go down.

"I'm still an utter wreck," said Clare. "I think I'd better have another cocktail. Really, Miss MacGregor, you nurses are remarkable."

But you didn't see him lying there in the road, of course.

"No," said Sally. "How did you ever think of moving him on that piece of canvas?"

Clare's eyebrows went up. Mrs. Frame looked intently at her soup. "It really wasn't difficult," said Clare coldly.

"I suppose not. The men thought of it, of course," Sally said. "May I have the butter, please?"

Mrs. Frame passed the butter with alacrity. After a few minutes Clare said: "I think I'll just drop in and see if he's awake after dinner."

"No," said Sally, politely.

"What?" said Clare, and two streaks of scarlet dyed her throat. "No," said Sally.

"What do you mean, Miss MacGregor?" "You can't see him for two days. Are you quite comfortable in my room, Mrs. Frame?"

"Quite, thank you," said Mrs. Frame dryly. "I'll speak to the doctor when he comes," said Clare casually, but her hand shook.

"Do," said Sally. "And don't forget your sedative."

They finished dinner in silence. The starched cap on Sally's head felt like a crown.

When she got back to his room it was quite dark. He was still sleeping. After the doctor had left for the second time Sally got out of her uniform and slipped on a dressing-gown. Then she lay down on the other bed in the dark.

Lindsay slept heavily, and Sally's thoughts marched heavily through the night. Other people are more important than you are. ("Isn't that rather a dangerous theory?") Sometimes you may be altruistic in the wrong place. Sometimes a situation calls for spirit. ("But how could she, an insignificant little trained nurse, ever hope to make the right sort of wife for Lindsay Frame? (But Mrs. Frame didn't think her insignificant. And Sally MacGregor's grandmother, in Scotland, had been the belle of every Hunt Ball.) It might all be tropical sunlight and moonshine. But it wasn't. It was so real that Henry Bates would never be anything more than a shadow to her.

The first thing she saw when she opened her eyes the next morning was the crisp white of her uniform. It was like coming to, after a battle, to find your eyes on your country's flag.

Lindsay was a good patient. He grinned weakly at her. "You're a swell nurse," he said. "Only your professional manner is made of stainless steel, isn't it?"

"You be quiet," said Sally sternly. "Yes, Miss MacGregor," he said. There was a knock on the door.

Sally went to it, and Clare stood outside.

"May I come in?" she said, and over the ice her tone was pleasant. "I'm sorry, Mr. Frame can't see anyone for another day." Sally's tone was equally pleasant. "Doctor's orders, you know."

Clare laughed indulgently. "Oh, you nurses! Doctors' orders are holy to you, aren't they? Well, you just tell the doctor that his patient depended to see me." And she stepped over the threshold. Sally took her arm, backed her out, and

shut the door. Then she slid her hands into the pockets of her uniform.

"I'm sorry, Miss Kingston. I can't tell you in."

Clare flushed hotly, and her lips shut in an ugly line. "See here, Miss MacGregor, don't you think you're rather overdoing this? I don't want to be rude, but hadn't you better realise that you're only a trained nurse?"

Sally's hands in her pockets closed suddenly into tight little fists. Her grandmother had once hit a man across the face with her riding crop for saying that her husband was only a gentleman farmer. Her grandmother had also had red hair—and a family of ten.

"I think," said Sally, "that you'd better realise it."

"What do you mean?" "That I'm a trained nurse. I'm on a case. And what I say about that case goes. Don't try to interfere, Miss Kingston, or—" she paused to steady her voice—"I'll put you out of the room by force."

Clare's eyes blazed. "I never—why, you—see here, Miss MacGregor, has it occurred to you that I am going to marry Mr. Frame?"

"It has," said Sally, her shoulder-blades hard against the door. "But you're not."

"What?" "You're not going to marry him—because I am."

"What are you talking about?" Clare's face was ugly.

"I am going to marry Lindsay," she said slowly and clearly, and the beats of her heart shook her. Clare gave her a look of mingled shock, rage, bewilderment. Then she whirled and her heels clicked in little explosions down the hall.

Sally took a deep breath, and opened the door. Lindsay's eyes were open and he was looking at her.

"Come here," he said. Sally tried to speak, but no words would come. How could she have done it—how could she? The room swam.

"Sally, darling," she heard him say. "How did you know I was in love with you? I didn't know it myself till last night."

Sally sat down abruptly on the edge of the bed.

"To stand up to Clare like that—it was superb. Like a kitten in front of a tiger. Sweetheart—"

She said shakily: "Lindsay, I couldn't ever have told her that if I hadn't had my uniform on, I'm nothing but a trained nurse—"

Lindsay took her two cold hands in his. "No," he said. "You don't need a uniform any more. You're Sally MacGregor, Person. And don't you ever forget it. Would the doctor approve of your kissing me?"

"No," said Sally, and bent over him.

There was a brisk, imperative rap on the door. Sally started to her feet, straightening her cap as she went towards the door.

Mrs. Frame stood outside, very straight and commanding. "May I see Lindsay, please, Miss MacGregor?"

Sally smiled down upon the white-haired little figure.

"I'm sorry, but you can't," she said. "No visitors till to-morrow."

"I think," said Mrs. Frame firmly, "it won't hurt him to see me."

"No," Sally shook her head, still smiling. "I'm sorry."

"Miss MacGregor—"

Gently Sally shut the door and put her back against it. Across the room her eyes met Lindsay's, and then she stiffened. Mrs. Frame's retreating steps sounded down the hall.

"What's the matter?" Lindsay asked.

"She's—she's laughing!" said Sally.

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Week-end news about the film stars from 2GB

The latest news from Hollywood received in Sydney each week by clipper mail and cable will be broadcast in future by 2GB each Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 1 p.m., in a special session presented by "The Hollywood Reporter."

PROBABLY the best-known radio authority on films and players, "The Hollywood Reporter" has been broadcasting in Sydney about films for more than five years, and his new presentation from 2GB will embrace all the features for which he has become so well known.

He will also provide an information service for listeners concerning plays and films.

In his library, "The Hollywood Reporter" has complete biographical details of every personality known in Hollywood. That is, everybody except one.

"The exception," he said, "is Mae West."

"No one knows where Mae came

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He has been in the motion picture business all his life. He first came to Australia from Hollywood in 1931 as an executive of one of the major producing companies, with whom he remained until 1936, when he joined the Australian Broadcasting Commission to present weekly broadcasts of outstanding films.

Three years ago he returned to Hollywood, but came back to Australia 18 months ago.

He has now resigned from his picture affiliations to devote the whole of his time to broadcast sessions from 2GB.

When somebody at 2GB the other day called to mind the old Hollywood gag about the star who walked into the lawyer's office and asked if he had the latest copy of "Who's Who?" ("The Hollywood Reporter" produced volume one of his roll of the stars, and there on the title page was the same gag line, "Who's Who's in Hollywood.")



"THE Hollywood Reporter," whose sessions of film gossip will be heard from 2GB on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 1 p.m.

In fact, he originated the gag in Hollywood many years ago.

"For my new sessions on 2GB, I have arranged the most up-to-date service possible from the people in America who are in a position to secure me information," says "The Hollywood Reporter."

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ROBERT

thought poignantly, a hard lump in his throat, how different his own life would have been if the wings had not come off that SE-5. He might be learning to fly, might soon be a co-pilot on a plane like this.

The flight became, to his astonishment, a little boring. When, after a time, the man across the aisle made some casual remark about the weather, Robert mentioned that.

"Oh, yes," the bearded one agreed. "Nothing more boring in the world—but no way to get there half so fast!" He introduced himself as a Mr. Burnham; he was from San Salvador, a mining engineer, and also had won a flight. "I heard you say you'd rather fly, but you're going into engineering. That's smart; you stick to engineering. Let the flying go. Anyone can learn to fly."

"Anyone but me," said Robert Meedan, his tone wistful.

Mr. Burnham laughed, his eyes filled with kindly understanding. He said: "You want the glamor, don't you, boy? I know. . . . But forget it. You study engineering, and some day you'll design planes for other men to fly. . . . What's this we're coming to?"

Outside, through the window, Robert saw a high dark tower of clouds that reached up many thousands of feet above them. He had studied weather, and he knew about those clouds. "Thunderstorm," he said. "They have them in the mountains at this time of year. We must be getting near the mountains now."

That high piled mass of mist disturbed him, for he had read of the violence of springtime thunderheads. He saw a tongue of livid flame streak downward from one cloud point to another. He fumbled with his seat-belt nervously, and got it tight around his thighs.

"The pilot's going around it," Mr. Burnham said, and Robert was relieved to see that that was so.

But presently they came upon another bank of black, foreboding clouds. The plane bored straight ahead, deviating not at all. The storm broadened to both sides of the course, and Robert could see that they were going into it. Out more lightning arched downward in the sky, and through a sudden break in the thick black mist Robert saw the ground, tumbling mountains, grey and green and very far below. Then they were in that mass of storm, and a searing bolt seemed to touch the wing.

"Look out!" The words came through his lips involuntarily, as Robert jumped in tense reaction. He gripped his chair arms rigidly, despising himself for his timidity and fear.

The plane hit a minor turbulence.

A wing jerked down; a giant hand seemed forcing Robert deeper in his seat. Behind him a girl screamed shrilly.

"What's happening here?" Mr. Burnham boomed, his beard bristling indignantly.

Robert did not answer. His fingers were locked around the arm-rests. His heart was bumping in his ears. Outside the window the mist was dense and ominous, with a peculiar fluid look. The minor turbulence had become a major one. The plane seemed flung to one side, down; to one side, up. Robert knew that a long-sustained down-draft in the clouds had them in its grip.

They broke through after a space of seconds into a vast black room where the air seemed devoid of clouds. There were clouds below, above, and to the sides; yet the air was almost clear. But here was lightning! The air, strangely, was no longer rough; the plane rode without a tremor now. Robert Meedan, fascinated by that lurid display, fascinated yet terrified, sat with his face pressed almost against the window-glass.

The ship was plunging on into even rougher air. It slammed into a deluge of heavy rain that set up a drumming bedlam on the wings and nose, obliterating all view through the cabin windows. The drumming sound seemed suddenly to explode into a tiny violence that was beyond anything that Robert had imagined any plane could survive. And then it ceased as quickly as it had begun.

Cringing there, waiting to see what would come next, Robert Meedan could still hear rain beating faintly on the wings. But there was a new sound now, a hollow whistling of wind that he had not heard before.

"C-r-r-rack!"

The lights in the cabin flared brilliantly and then went out. A distinct smell of ozone filled the ship. Mr. Burnham's voice came strangely, as if the man were strangling.

"We were hit!" Mr. Burnham said thickly. "Lightning struck this plane!"

Almost at once the dread display of arcking flame was left behind. Mr. Burnham was now stabbing at the button at his shoulder, summoning the co-pilot. It occurred to Robert that it might be wiser to wait until the ship was through the storm, before bothering a member of the crew. But Mr. Burnham was trembling with apprehension—or was it anger?—and kept hammering the button. Robert heard his booming protest:

Trouble Forward

Continued from page 5

"Why won't that co-pilot answer?" He broke off suddenly, his voice sounding terrified. His face had gone paper-white above his beard. "Do you suppose there's some kind of trouble forward? Do you suppose that lightning?" His voice grew frenzied. "Open up that cockpit door! Open up that door!"

Robert Meedan complied without knowing what compelled him. He turned the latch, but the door did not come open. He pushed against it, hard; but still it seemed locked tight. Mr. Burnham, leaping from his seat, threw his weight against it too, and they forced it back against a breath-taking blast of wet cold air that whinnied at them through the cockpit companionway.

And when they had the door open and could look inside, they saw where the wind and rain were coming from.

Animal Antics



"I'll open with a pair of Jacks."

Every windshield pane had been knocked out. Huge hailstones—then rare danger of the air—were scattered on the cockpit floor in a mess of broken glass and water. But Robert's wide, horror-stricken eyes passed over these things—to the pilots.

Both men were crumpled down across the arm-rests of their seats, as if they had tried, too late, to duck that barrage of deadly hail and had been struck down by the brutal impact of those stones. They were both inert, unconscious. The thought that they were dead drove Robert's heart up into his throat.

Mr. Burnham whirled round, and, inexplicably to Robert, grasped him by the shoulders and dragged him farther forward in the cockpit.

"MEEDAN," he shouted in a hard, guttural voice, "you've got to keep us up in the air till we can get one of these men straightened out! You've got to be our pilot, Meedan! These men were beaten half to death by hail!"

Robert's tongue felt stiff and dry and coated with a furry stuff, and no words came. All his strength seemed to have ebbed out through his legs into the cold, vibrating floor.

Then, almost without knowing how he got there, he was sitting in the pilot's seat, and Mr. Burnham was yelling in his ear to hold the

plane level until they could revive a member of the crew. But he did not dare touch the controls. The reason the plane had not already crashed to earth was that the whirling mechanism of the automatic pilot was guiding it straight and level on its course. Yet that couldn't operate forever, and when those tanks were dry of gasoline—

Mr. Burnham had dragged the co-pilot back into the cabin. Robert, with a backward glance, saw some of the other passengers at work in a frantic effort with the first-aid kit. Then Mr. Burnham was back in the cockpit, and the door was locked, and he was bending over the pilot with smelling-salts.

But through minutes the pilot did not move. He was breathing faintly, but that was the only sign of life. Robert tried not to think what was going to happen if Mr. Burnham's efforts failed.

Waiting, he tried to discipline his emotions. He studied the equipment of the cockpit, sitting there, waiting faintly to see what was going to happen.

The rate-of-climb was level, except that it swung up or down a little each time they bored through a ruff of cloud or struck a minor turbulence. The automatic pilot was flying them level, but gusts could blow them up or down. The altimeters showed seven thousand feet.

That was, a long way to fall, he considered, shuddering a little. He wondered where they were, and thought about the radio. The pilot's headphones dangled by a cord, and Robert picked them up and put them on. He couldn't hear anything. The lightning had welded every relay in the radio, but he didn't know it.

He fiddled with the dials, trying to figure out some way to get word to the ground stations on the course. Probably that wouldn't be any help, but there was a possibility that somebody on the ground could tell him by radio what he ought to try to do. After a good deal of delay, he found the switch marked, "Transmit," and thumbed it and yelled into the microphone, listening, meanwhile, with the phones.

But after a few moments, after hearing nothing he knew it was hopeless to expect help there.

Mr. Burnham lifted the pilot back into the cabin. When he returned he was out of breath, and his eyes were feverish. "We can't do anything with him!" he screamed against the howling wind.

"The co-pilot—" "Same condition!" Mr. Burnham shouted.

THERE was a moment's ghastly pause, seeming like hours.

Robert sucked his lips in flat against his teeth, trying to think, trying to keep from going to pieces.

"It may be hours!" Mr. Burnham wheezed. He was on the verge of panic. "We've got to try to land!" He moved up and sat down at the controls in the co-pilot's seat, facing the wind and rain. Experimentally he put his great hand on the control-wheel, slid his feet forward and touched the rubber pedals underneath the wheel. "If you haven't the nerve to try it, I'm going to!"

Robert shouted: "Let go those controls! The automatic pilot's flying us." There was no reason why he should be angry, but he was. Didn't Mr. Burnham know that if he disengaged the automatic pilot, the plane would get away from them?

He shouted frantic, broken phrases in an effort to explain.

"What good is talk?" Mr. Burnham whimpered. "We've got to do something!" Just then someone started beating on the cabin door, behind.

"They're getting panicky," Mr. Burnham muttered restlessly. "They were working on the co-pilot and found they can't do anything, and now they're scared crazy."

Robert knew little enough about flying, but Mr. Burnham and the others had no knowledge at all. It was therefore vital, imperative, that they all be kept from the cockpit, that Robert be left here alone to work out the situation.

The pilot's pistol was in the side pocket near his elbow. He handed it to Mr. Burnham, quickly.

"Keep 'em out," he snapped, as a man burst into the cockpit. "Tell 'em I know how to fly and I'm going to land the plane, and there's nothing to get hysterical about—but you keep 'em out of here because they'd mess things up and crash us sure enough." He flashed Mr. Burnham a straight, rigid look. "And you stay in the cabin, too—you guard the door."

He sat motionless, watching Mr. Burnham get up and go back. Between quick glances at the doorway, he studied the automatic pilot, staring intently at dials and knobs until he understood their purpose. With relief he saw that Mr. Burnham had his situation well in hand. The one man who got into the cockpit retreated hastily before the pistol. The yelling ceased. Mr. Burnham disappeared into the cabin, and the door shut.

Please turn to page 33

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APPLY TO ANY BANK OR STOCKBROKER

Trouble Forward

Continued from page 32

JUST then, glancing out the window, Robert saw that they had run out across a break in the lower overcast. He scanned the earth. It was green and impersonal and very far away. Then he knew it wasn't earth at all, because there was a boat down there, a black boat with a white superstructure. He looked to the right, and the shoreline wasn't there. With a quick understanding he realised that they were already over the Atlantic.

It didn't seem possible that in four hours they had come this far. Robert Meedan swallowed, and there was a hard lump in his throat, and he knew he had to turn the plane around and go down, quickly. He reached and turned a knob marked "Climb," gently. His hand was shaking badly, so that for an instant he merely clung to the knob before he turned it. Then, breathless, he waited to see what was going to happen.

He was concerned about the water down there, but he didn't dare disengage the automatic pilot and try to turn the plane himself. If possible, he had to make the automatic pilot fly the ship the way he wanted it flown. Land it, even. He could imagine it was a model plane, if he could take his time.

Thinking of that, he suddenly knew a way he might be able to get these people down. He was so busy, so excited, planning it, that it did not occur to him that he would kill himself while saving them.

The plane responded gradually after he had turned the knob. The nose swung upward. The roaring of the engines lessened, and the vibration changed. Robert moved the knob the other way, and the nose went down. He nodded soberly to himself, knowing he was right. The plane could be flown this way, through slow, simple manoeuvres, by just moving one knob at a time while the automatic pilot held a grip on the other two controls.

If he could find a clearing large enough when they got back to shore — He swung the plane back towards the west, moving the "Turn" knob, and nosed down.

It took a long time to lose seven thousand feet. The plane accelerated in the shallow dive, and the wind outside whined upward through the range of half an octave. Finally they were through the clouds, under the overcast, with the sea rough and vast below. But they were not yet in sight of land.

Then, entirely without warning, except for the flaring of two red lights on the right side of the instrument-board, both engines coughed and quit. The two main tanks were empty; the auxiliary gauge showed less than half a tank — seventy-five gallons — less than an hour's supply. With a hurried yet precise attentiveness to the markings on the valves, Robert turned on the auxiliary. The engines, after an alarming interval, picked up and drummed again.

But now Robert knew he had to

land—and he knew he had to hurry. Worry corroded his nerves as he strained his eyes against the wind to find the shore ahead.

Then, at last, on the left, he saw a smudge of smoke. New York grew up from the horizon. Long Island took form under the right wing. Robert crossed the beach at five hundred feet, staring through the broken window, worrying again about the best way to get the plane down. The beach was far too narrow. He turned down it, holding his altitude.

But the beach was just the same, minute after minute. He thought of landing in the surf, but knew it was too rough. The people back there would drown if he landed very far from shore. Yet he had to do something—and do it quickly, now. The gas-gauge showed only twenty gallons left. The sun was breaking through larger holes in the sky.

Time had had no meaning at all for the past few minutes. He had been too busy, too intent upon his desperate problem. But now he knew that it would be dusk soon, and after that, darkness would obliterate the earth and there would be no chance whatever.

HE turned inland, determined to try to locate an airport. He flew across Long Island, and there, ahead, was the Sound, sprinkled with small boats near the shore. But he could see that it was smooth water, and near shore it didn't look deep.

With a quick, spurring impulsiveness, he knew that he had to land on the Sound. He knew he wouldn't find any airports or clearings big enough to make a landing anywhere else. There were too many buildings. He looked at the Sound, thinking about the depth of the water. But the depth didn't matter, actually. He must get the plane down near the shore, and after that, the passengers would have to take care of themselves. The plane wouldn't sink right away.

After he had turned the knob to make the plane descend very gradually, he headed to the right a little to line up for the landing. Then he began to wonder what would happen when the plane hit.

Robert Meedan felt suddenly that he couldn't go on with it. The water was underneath him now, close. For the first time since the take-off, he could realise the speed at which the craft was moving. It was incredible, a little sickening. Directly below, the water fled past in a blurred, dirty green.

He thought of his father, in an irrelevant flash. With the greatest difficulty he made himself remain in the pilot's seat. He knew if he stayed there he was going to his death. There was not the slightest doubt of that.

Sweat had burst out all over him.

Never in his life had he ever been afraid before, not the kind of fear that gripped him now. The apprehensions that his mother had incited had been petty, childish things. This thing was a grinding horror, a kind of catalepsy, through which, oddly, his thoughts still penetrated with a lucid and swift exactitude.

The peak of it came like a wave, engulfing him. It jerked and tore his nerves and upset his stubborn efforts at co-ordination. He thought, in a peculiar detached consciousness: "Get back with the rest of them, in the cabin where you won't be killed!" But he sat perfectly still, compelled to sit still by something that was only vague inside him, yet was stronger than the fear.

He waited, timing the descent. Through a chain of fleeting, uncorrelated thoughts he remembered the premonition of his mother. He wondered how far it would be to a hospital; he tried to recall the type of wing-curve he had used on his last model plane.

Then it was time to level off. The speed now seemed even greater than before. Green water was at his very feet, seeming to flow backward toward him as a hurrying solid mass. He was landing down-wind, but he didn't think of that. He turned the "Climb" knob over so gently, and breathlessly watched the nose come up, the rate-of-climb needle swing restlessly back toward the zero mark.

After that, there was no time to be afraid. In those tight dread minutes coming down from seven thousand feet he had planned what he would do. He had thought of fire in the engines, and what it would do when the gas tanks burst on impact with the water. He had to hit the water with the engines dead. So he turned the gas-selector valve into the "Off" position, and sat there watching and waiting breathlessly.

The two red warning lights flared, and the gas-pressure needles dropped to zero. There was a flutter in the smooth roar of the engines; they slammed a starving protest out through their exhausts, and fell to silence. The props jarred out of synchronisation and decelerated roughly, shivering the plane.

Robert Meedan licked dry lips unconsciously and jerked the cover from the fire-extinguisher levers on the floor, and pulled the cable hard. The plane, slackening its speed gradually, "kited" on and on, losing altitude as it lost speed, but held to a level by the still-whirling gyros of the automatic pilot.

Then they hit—at a hundred and twenty miles an hour they sited down on the water. The impact made a tiny detonation through the plane.

TROUGH a long, jumbled, hazy interim that could not have been reality, Robert felt the plane go on. His face was white, but he did not shield his eyes. Frozen in his seat, he waited for the nose to crumple back and smash him there.

The plane struck, and like a flat rock ricocheting at high speed, "skipped." The wheels were in the up position, locked in their nacelles, and there was nothing that projected lower than the fuselage and the centre-section of the wings. The plane hit hard. It bounced back a dozen feet into the air, floated once more, canting slightly, and, two hundred yards away, came down again. The water made a sizzling sound, almost a shriek, against the metal belly.

Again it struck, and skipped, and slowed back upon the calm green surface. Through a series of short, incredibly jolting bounces, it touched the water seven times over a length of half a mile, and finally alighted down and ploughed up a white deluge that engulfed in turn the nose, the windshield, the whole undamaged plane.

Later, while boats were coming to take off the still half-conscious pilots, and after the passengers had pounded him upon the back and voiced trembling but effusive eulogies, he rested with the others on the shiny fuselage and tried to figure out the way it happened. He

couldn't get it into his head. He, Robert Meedan, had all his life been sensitised acutely to the thought of fear. Fear had had the ability to incapacitate him utterly. Then how had he done this to-day, when fear such as he had never known in all his life had been tearing at his vitals?

He didn't know. It baffled him. He was trembling in a nervous and prolonged physical reaction, but he was filled with a warm, quiet pride, thinking about it, although none of it made sense. But he knew one thing now; he wasn't really a coward, as he'd always thought. If he'd been a coward he'd have cracked up —yet he hadn't cracked up. He'd done almost exactly the kind of thing his father had done seventeen years earlier.

He grinned into the dusk, thinking about that. He felt a sudden kinship with his father; he knew, vaguely, that Bill Meedan would have been proud to have him for a son. Yet he didn't feel rough and tough and hard inside, the way Bill Meedan had been.

And suddenly he understood that his father might not have been like that. His father had done things that took a lot of nerve, but anybody should have known from looking at his pictures that he wasn't really hard. So Robert understood then that it was the things you did that indicated the kind of man you were, and not your looks.

He had got the plane down in spite of being frightened—and probably these people here thought he was pretty solid, pretty hard, inside, even though he didn't look it. He felt like laughing, thinking about that.

But he didn't, for he was thinking of his mother. He could understand a little of her feelings, at least better than he had before. He felt mature, more mature than she was, or than she would ever be. She had thought by frightening him she could protect him. Well, that was all right, but it would never work again.

He wished he could be there to see her face when she read about what had happened to him in the air to-day. But she wouldn't know, because the important part would not be in the papers.

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The Australian Women's Weekly

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Continuing . . . Mother, Mother from page 4

MARGARET'S voice was steady and confident as she talked to the man. She felt no compunction. "When they come into your office, do not issue them a licence. The girl has light fluffy hair, a long bob. She will be wearing, I think, a plaid-ingham skirt, a white blouse. The boy is rather thin, has very dark red hair; a rather serious, dependable face for a boy his age. . . . Oh, yes, he's of age. He is twenty-two. It is the girl who isn't of age. She is just nineteen . . ."

"No, she positively has not the consent of her parents! Call me back, please, as soon as they come into your office . . . Yes, certainly it will be all right to reverse the call. I want you to hold them until I can get there . . ."

She sat waiting, then, for the call. To-day Peggy and Ted would think they were mortally wounded, but a year from now they would thank her.

Suddenly the telephone rang. The shrillness jarred unbearably on her already taut nerves. She picked it up quickly and answered, but it wasn't the man at Clinton; it was only Hallie Covington here at home.

"Margaret?" Hallie began in that whining, questioning tone, the way she always began a telephone conversation. "I called to tell you how sorry we are about Ben."

"About Ben?" Margaret said in amazement. A quick stab of fear shot through her. "What about Ben?"

"Oh, his foot, you know. His condition. Ed was talking to Charley Madox this morning, and Charley was telling him about it."

"Exactly what did Charley say, Hallie?"

Hallie began to stammer and back down, the way she always had to when anybody plinned her to facts. "Oh, I don't mean he said it was serious—that is, immediate. You know how a doctor is. But I wanted you to know I can certainly sympathise with you, if anybody can. I had mother here for months, you know, terribly ill, and then papa."

"Well, thank you for calling, Hallie."

Margaret noticed that her hands were clammy cold. She knew there could be no foundation for all that stuff Hallie had said. Hallie would seize on any excuse to try to start one of those interminable telephone conversations of hers.

Then she picked up the telephone again. If the call came through from Clinton it would have to wait.

She called Charley Madox's office, and when the girl answered she said, "Let me speak with Doctor Madox, please . . ."

"Why, yes," Charley said. "You know all there is to know." Just the sound of his voice was hearty and reassuring. "As a matter of fact, there's not much wrong with him, if the monkey'll just take half-way care of himself."

"You're certain, Charley, you and Ben aren't trying to keep anything from me?"

"Of course I'm certain. Say, what got you all upset like this?"

Her voice broke with her relief. "Oh, Hallie called up a minute ago and practically offered condolences."

"Suff said. You should have known right then that there wasn't anything to it."

"I knew it. At least I felt there couldn't possibly be. But I had to make sure. Thank you, Charley. I'm sorry I bothered you."

She laid the phone back. She was relieved. And yet that fear, however false, was still in her. It had struck too deep; its impression was still there, making her look at hideous possibilities!

Not anything happen to Ben! She could stand anything but that. Beside that, everything else paled. Lately she had been so busy with Peggy that she had been taking Ben for granted, but now her need of him flooded back over her, shutting out everything else. She felt she would die if she couldn't have him here this minute, to put out her hand and touch him, make sure of him.

Then, because she was thinking so acutely of Ben, it was her mother's face she saw, her own mother's face superimposed on Ben's.

She and her mother used to live next door to Emerald. Their little house and narrow yard had been the only other house on that side of the street, with Emerald's big weedy yard and huge rambling old house.

She saw her mother's long pale face as it used to look at the front bedroom window, where she sat sewing all day. Her mother, Edna Lockwood, had done fine hand sewing for people who could afford to pay a fair price for that sort of thing.

Her mother always sewed there at the window, where she could glance out at people passing on the street. She seldom went out herself. All she wanted was that Margaret should go. She asked nothing for herself. She put it all on Margaret.

When Margaret started to school, Edna had kept a careful, jealous watch to see that Margaret was always dressed every bit as well as the other girls in that crowd.

There was that first afternoon when Enlow Beck drove her home after the bank had closed and she was through work. It was raining;

there had been a spell of bad weather and not many people had their cars out, but Enlow drove that big one of his, with the curtains up tightly all around, in any kind of weather.

Edna was already waiting in their little front hall when Margaret went into the house.

"Margaret," she whispered—in her excitement she all but hissed it—"wasn't that Enlow Beck brought you home?"

Even after they had gone on into the bedroom and Edna had sat down at the window and taken up her sewing again, she couldn't stop talking about it.

"At first, when I looked out, I thought, 'That must be Lucile and Mr. Roper bringing her home.' And then I thought, 'No, Mr. Roper wouldn't have his car out in this weather. He never drives it in the mud. Besides, he hasn't had it out since Christmas.' Then Enlow got out to open the door for you, and I saw who it was."

She talked about it until Margaret couldn't stand it. It was embarrassing.

"Mother," she said, with a little laugh to hide her impatience, "all he did was to bring me home."

But soon people knew Enlow Beck was paying attention to Margaret. At first there was a good deal of comment, but it was soon an accepted thing to see his car in front of Edna's house.

"But, Mother," Margaret said, "I don't want to go out with him all the time like this. Why, he's old! He's almost thirty-five! He's had a wife! His wife hasn't even been dead much more than a year."

EDNA was suddenly more furious than Margaret had ever seen her. She hadn't dreamed Edna would take it like that.

"It's something I approve of," Edna said in a cutting voice, "and so you don't want to do it; is that it?"

"Why, mother," Margaret said in surprise, "you know it isn't that."

"What is it then? Any other girl in this town would jump at the chance to go with him. Look how people in all these other towns around here are already inviting him to house parties again, the way he used to go. I noticed in the paper just a few weeks ago where he had gone to one. Yet Miss Holly-Toity thinks she's too good to go with him, too smart to think her mother knows anything!"

"No, no, mother! It isn't that."

"I don't know why I should expect you to listen to me. Nobody has ever thought I knew anything. Your father thought he was so much smarter than I was, and what did he do? Died, leaving me with a child to raise and nothing to do it on. But I've been smart enough to do that, haven't I?"

"Mother, I do listen to you! I will listen to you! It always broke her into helpless pieces, the minute her mother began talking like that. She simply couldn't stand it.

When she began buying her wedding clothes she would catch herself asking herself sometimes, "Is this me?" She seemed to have got somewhere unconsciously. Then she would reassure herself that she was excited and happy, the way a girl was supposed to be. Of course she was.

Enlow wanted to be with her all the time. He came to town every afternoon to be with her as soon as the bank closed. She had promised Mr. Roper she would work until May first.

They were in the drugstore, back at one of the tables, that afternoon when Ben Craddock came in and was shaking hands with everybody up front. Ben had always visited his grandmother here every summer except for these last two years, when he hadn't been here.

"Ben," old Doctor Patterson was saying to him up front, "your grandmother tells me you've come back here to hang out your shingle. We're mighty glad to hear it. I can tell you that. Though I suspect it's what your grandmother has had up her sleeve the whole time, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, I have," Ben admitted. He grinned. "I figured I'd have to work less here than anywhere else I could think of. You reckon there'd be much danger of me getting a case?"

"Well, if you have just half as good a legal mind as your grandfather,"

the old doctor said sharply, "I don't think you need worry about that."

Ben came on back to shake hands with Margaret and Enlow.

Always before, Ben had been in the crowd just ahead of Margaret's. He was that much older. He frowned at her now, his eyes teasing her.

"Look here," he said. "What have you been doing to yourself? I vow if I don't believe you've grown up."

In a week it seemed that she had never been alive until now. And it was for no other reason than that she was seeing Ben Craddock downtown, just by accident, every day. If Ben saw her come out of the bank and stand on the steps, he would come across the street and talk to her. He would catch up with her when she went to the bank in the morning and walk the rest of the way with her.

At first he had teased her about getting married and then he didn't seem to want to mention it any more.

The first of May she left the bank. She and Enlow were to be married on the twelfth, very quietly in the church, with only her mother and Emerald, his sisters and few others present.

Ben got into the habit of dropping in over at Emerald's, early, right after supper, before time for Enlow to come for Margaret, or sometimes in the afternoon. At first Margaret would say to herself, "I won't go over this time. I mustn't." Then she wouldn't be able to resist it.

Emerald said, "I declare, I never knew before that you and Ben were so fond of me. I never have been so popular in my life." But toward the last she stopped teasing them about it.

Margaret came in that Saturday night after she had been driving with Enlow. She took off her hat and hung it up. And then just stood there a minute in front of the hat-rack.

She went to the door of the bedroom and said, "Mother, do you mind if I turn on the light?"

The globe on the long cord hanging from the centre of the ceiling swung back and forth at Margaret's touch. Edna lay there, blinking in the light. Margaret went over and sat on Edna's little chair at the window. She didn't lean back.

"Mother," she blurted out suddenly, "I want to tell you something. I'm not going to marry Enlow."

Edna sat up. For a second she couldn't even grasp what Margaret had said. Then an almost manic fear came into those big dark-circled eyes of hers. "You mean you've already told Enlow?"

"No. I started to to-night, but I wanted to tell you first."

A shade of relief returned to Edna's face.

"But I am going to tell him, mother," Margaret warned. Her voice went up, sharpened. "I didn't even know what love is."

"And what is love, may I ask?" Edna's lip curled. "You've learned over at Emerald's, I suppose."

"It will be a good joke on me, won't it?" her mother went on. "The whole town will have something to talk about for a while. People will think it's Enlow turned you down, not you him. Oh, it'll be a good joke on me. Though you don't care about that. Everybody knows how proud I've been about it. It's the one time I've let myself brag. Brag too much!"

Margaret seemed to shrink in the chair. "Mother, please don't take it like that!"

"I might have known something would happen. Nothing has ever turned out right for me."

"Mother, please!"

Edna's voice pressed into every inch of the room. "I used to walk past the Beck place when I was still a girl myself, and look at that big fine house and all those trees. I never dreamed my own daughter would ever have the chance to live there."

"Mother!"

"I've never asked anything for myself. I've been willing to work for you. I've wanted you to have everything."

It was her own place at the table that Margaret could see, the way it had been when she was growing up, more times than she could count—little extra dishes around her own place and little more than the white of the tablecloth at her mother's, and her mother saying, "No, no, I don't want the stuff. You eat it; you need it." It was her mother patiently hemming yards upon yards of ruffling for one of her party dresses until midnight.

"Mother, mother!" She almost screamed it. "I'll do it! I'll do it. I won't tell him!"

Margaret and Enlow had been married eight years when he was killed by an accidental discharge of his own gun while duck-hunting at the lake. Margaret had been such a good wife to him that even Miss Dossie, his old-maid sister, had been satisfied with her and had wanted her to live on there at the Beck place with her, but Margaret went to live with Emerald instead.

The thing that made people talk—when it began to leak out through the lawyers—and that people still remembered and talked about even now, was that Margaret wouldn't accept her part of Enlow's estate. She took the presents he had given her, but they were all. People said it was just as well that Edna hadn't lived to see it.

Ben had stayed single all this time. He and Margaret were married at Emerald's one afternoon not a year after Enlow's death.

It was still early when Margaret went down for Ben. "You're a little early, aren't you, hon?" he said after he was in the car and they were going up the hill. "But it's all right with me. I can't do a thing down there but sit, anyway."

When they drove in at home, Emerald's car was already gracing the drive. Ben grinned at it. "Look at that thing. If she couldn't afford better she wouldn't be caught dead in it."

"I thought I might as well come on over," Emerald said.

Margaret sat near the edge of the porch on one of the new little white metal chairs, facing Ben in the glider. His foot stretched out in front of him, and Emerald crowded as usual into a chair too small for her.

"I've got something to tell you," Margaret said. Her voice tensed in spite of her. "Peggy and Ted Ingram are married. I could have stopped them. At first I did stop them. I called the county-clerk at Clinton and stopped them, and then I called back and said it would be all right if they went on with it. I told them we would be expecting them here for a wedding supper to-night."

She looked from Ben to Emerald, pleading with them. "I don't know whether I did right or not. I may have done her a great harm. But I couldn't stop them. I wouldn't!"

Then Ben said loudly, "Sure you did right," to help her.

Suddenly Ben and Emerald knew what she was remembering. For a minute all three were quiet, remembering.

Then Ben said loudly, "Sure you did right," to help her all he could. "It'll be just as easy for us to make trips to California as to Boston."

"Married, huh?" Emerald chuckled. They were still trying to adjust themselves to seeing Peggy and Ted come up those steps in just a little while, now, their young faces rapt, yet a little self-conscious, too; but suddenly, the way Emerald said it, it didn't seem so terrible.

"Ben," Margaret said all at once. "I wish you would kiss me."

She went swiftly across to him and he put his hands up, strongly, tenderly, on her shoulders to draw her down to him.

"Here," he said, to hide the sudden shakiness in his own voice, "be careful of that foot."

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August 30, 1941

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DELICIOUS little tarts that you'll be ever so thrilled to make and most proud to put on your afternoon tea or supper table. Once you are able to make the cases there's no end to the variety of fillings which you make and use with them.

Of course you remember the old nursery rhyme—"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, all on a summer's day."

However, the recipes below are for mixing the year round, and although, as far as I know, the nursery rhyme queen used jam and cream in her tarts, you can try all sorts of other exciting fillings.

These tarts can also be served as a sweet course for dinner or lunch, as well as for afternoon tea and supper.

GOOD SHORTCRUST

Eight ounces flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 6oz. butter, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon caster sugar, cold water.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, and rub in butter. Add sugar and mix to a dry dough with egg-yolk and 2 or 3 tablespoons cold water. Knead lightly, roll and use as required. Makes about 2 dozen small tart cases.

BISCUIT PASTRY

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, flavoring.

Cream butter and sugar well; beat in egg-yolks. Add sifted flour, baking powder and salt, mixing to a dry dough. Knead lightly, roll and use as required. Makes about 2 dozen small tart cases.

ECONOMICAL SHORTCRUST

Eight ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. clarified dripping, lard, butter or margarine, cold water, and squeeze of lemon juice.

Cut and rub fat into sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Mix to a dry dough with cold water and lemon juice. Turn onto floured board, knead very lightly, roll and use as required. Makes about 2 dozen small tart cases.

TO MAKE THE TARTS

Roll the pastry to about 1-8th inch thickness. Loosen from rolling board with a floured knife or lift on rolling pin; allow to remain loosened for minute or two after rolling to allow for shrinkage. Cut, getting as many out of the first rolling as possible. Lift and fit into lightly-greased patty tin. Press with finger-tips into shape. Prick bottoms and sides with a fork, or place a round of paper in each patty case and fill with rice. Place shortcrust in a hot oven (425-450 degrees F.), and cook until crisp and brown—about 7 minutes; remove paper and rice and cook a further 1 or 2 minutes. Cook biscuit pastry tarts in moderate oven (375 degrees F.), for 7 to 10 minutes.

If tarts rise out of shape it may be due to any of the following: Too much baking powder; too much handling; insufficient shortening in the pastry; too moist a pastry; insufficient pressure with finger-tips after placing in patty tin and so allowing air bubbles to expand underneath. A good short or biscuit crust should not require rice and paper method. If rising is discov-



• JUST IMAGINE these dainty little tarts on your tea-table. Don't they look tempting? Recipes for making the cases and also for the various fillings are given on this page. You can use shortcrust or biscuit pastry for the cases.

ered during cooking, press tarts into shape with handle of a spoon. If serving cold, allow filling to become cold before placing in tart cases.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFONADE TARTS

One dozen biscuit pastry cases, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 1 teaspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar for egg-whites, 2 doz. strawberries, mint.

Stem strawberries and chop half of them. Soften gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. Mix the $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup sugar with lemon juice and rind; add egg-yolks and cook over boiling water for 5 minutes. Stir in dissolved gelatine and allow to cool. Whisk egg-whites until stiff; add the sugar and fold into custard mixture. Add chopped strawberries. Pile into pastry cases and decorate with strawberries and mint leaves.

PASSIONFRUIT CREAM TARTS

Two ounces caster sugar, 1 dessertspoon flour, pinch of salt, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, pulp of 3 passionfruit, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1oz. crushed macaroons or coconut, 1 doz. tart cases.

Combine sugar, flour, and salt, and blend with milk and egg-yolk. Cook

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

over boiling water for 10 minutes. Add butter and macaroons. Cool and stir in passionfruit. Pile into tart cases.

BURNT SUGAR AND BANANA TARTLETS

Half-pint milk, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs (separated), 2 bananas, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, vanilla, 4 tablespoons sugar, pinch of salt, 2 dozen small pastry cases.

Heat 3oz. of sugar and allow to caramelize to light amber color. Boil half milk, add caramel and heat slowly until dissolved. Combine flour and baking powder and mix to smooth paste with a little cold water. Add remainder of milk, egg-yolks, 1oz. sugar and salt. Beat well, add caramel, and cook 10 minutes over boiling water, stirring constantly. Place spoonful in each pastry case, top with glazed banana, and cover with meringue made from the 2 egg-whites and 4 tablespoons sugar. Place in a slow oven (temperature 300 degrees F.) for 1 hour to set the meringue.

GLAZED FRUIT TARTS

One dozen small pastry cases, 1 cup fruit (as sliced peaches, apricots, pineapple cubes, mulberries), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fruit syrup, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, squeeze of lemon juice.

Blend arrowroot with fruit syrup and add squeeze of lemon; simmer 3 minutes and sweeten if necessary to taste. Arrange fruit in tart cases and pour a little of syrup glaze over each. A gelatine glaze may be made instead by dissolving 1 teaspoon of gelatine in the syrup.

ALABAMA CHOCOLATE TARTS

One dozen tart cases, half cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1oz. chocolate, vanilla or almond essence, 2oz. chopped nuts.

Mix sugar, flour and salt and blend smoothly with the milk, in which chocolate has been dissolved. Cook over boiling water for 10 minutes. Cool slightly and stir into beaten egg-yolk. Add butter and essence, and lightly stiffly-beaten egg-white. Pour into baked pastry cases, and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

LEMON MARSHMALLOW TARTS

One dozen biscuit pastry cases, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 egg-whites, juice and rind of 1 lemon, lemon cheese.

Place gelatine, sugar and water in saucepan, bring to boil and stir until gelatine and sugar are dissolved. Cool, add lemon juice and rind and beat well. When frothy and white add stiffly-beaten egg-whites and lemon juice. Continue beating until stiff enough to hold shape. Place a teaspoon of lemon cheese in each pastry case and pile lemon marshmallow on top.

FRANGIPANNI PINEAPPLE TARTS

One and half dozen tart cases, 3oz. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon flour, pinch salt, 1oz. butter, 2 egg-yolks, 1oz. biscuit or cake crumbs, 1 cup milk, almond essence, small tin crushed pineapple, 2 egg-whites, 1-3rd cup sugar.

Combine the sugar and flour with milk. Cook over boiling water for 10 minutes. Add egg-yolks; butter and biscuit crumbs and cook a further 3 minutes. Add 2 drops essence carefully and allow to cool. Cover bottom of pastry cases with drained crushed pineapple, cover with custard cream and pile on top a meringue made from egg-whites and sugar. Place in slow oven until meringue is crisp and set.



SIGNAL OF DISTRESS

that every mother knows.

IN 90% of cases, a child's tears and unhappy moments are a sure sign that he needs quick and effective medicinal aid.

By far the most common cause of ill health in children is Faulty Elimination (incomplete bowel action). And by far the most effective remedy is genuine Laxettes. Quickly but surely, Laxettes cleanse and tone up the system, and restore the bowels to normal health and regularity. And because Laxettes taste only of delicious chocolate, and relieve without griping or purging, kiddies take them without the slightest fuss or protest, and actually come back asking for more.



Genuine Laxettes are sold and recommended by all chemists and stores. Get a supply today. For wisest buying, ask for the 1/7d. Standard size. It contains 18 tablets and lasts longer.

LAXETTES
CORRECT FAULTY ELIMINATION
STANDARD SIZE (18 Tablets) 1/7d. TRIAL SIZE 6d.



READERS' RECIPES

THIS week first prize of £1 goes to a West Australian reader who gives a brand-new recipe for that old favorite, apple pie. Other recipes also well worth trying are given on this page.

You, too, can enter this weekly competition. It's so simple. Just write out your favorite recipe, attach your name and address, and send it in to this office.

Each week a prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and a consolation prize of 2/6 is given for every other recipe published.

OPEN APPLE PIE WITH RUBY GLAZE

Pastry for one piecrust, 4 medium-size juicy apples, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, 1-8th teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup melted butter or margarine.

Line a nine-inch pie tin with pastry. Peel and core apples. Save peelings and cores for glaze. Cut apples into quarters and slice thinly. Mix 1/2 cup of sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, grated lemon rind, and flour together. Coat apples well with this mixture. Arrange apples in layers (pinwheel) fashion in pastry shell. Pour melted butter or margarine

● Selected by our cookery expert as the most interesting for the week from the entries received in our best recipe competition.

over apples and sprinkle rest of sugar mixture on top.

Bake in hot oven (450 degrees) for 15 minutes or until crust is set. Turn heat down to moderate (350 degrees). Place another pan over apples to prevent burning and bake about 25 minutes more or until apples are tender. Remove from oven and pour glaze over apples. Serve while hot. Serves six to eight.

Ruby Glaze: Cook cores and peelings in 1 1/2 cups of water for 20 minutes. Strain juice, add 1-3rd cup sugar, and cook down to a syrup. Do this while pie is baking. Cool and pour over the apples while pie is still hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Maters, 97 Nanson St., Wembley, W.A.

PASSIONFRUIT CREAM TART

Six passionfruit, 2oz. butter, 2 eggs, 2 heaped tablespoons, granulated sugar, 8oz. shortcrust, 2oz. flour, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1lb. castor sugar.

Roll out pastry and line a pie

plate or sandwich tin with it. Melt butter in a saucepan, stir in flour. Cook for three minutes, stirring constantly, then add passionfruit pulp and egg-yolks beaten with the sugar. Stir in milk.

When custard thickens, cook for a few moments. Pour into pastry shell pricked with a fork and brushed with slightly-beaten egg-white. Make a meringue with the 2 egg-whites and castor sugar. Bake till crisp and pale brown. Serve with thin cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Dorman, Bamba, Vic.

HONEY CRACKLES

Three ounces butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 2oz. sugar, 5oz. cornflakes.

Put butter, sugar, and honey in a basin on top of stove and melt. When melted, take off fire and add cornflakes quickly. Put spoonfuls in 44 patty pans and cook for 5 minutes in a very slow oven. When

cold join two together with stiffly beaten and sweetened cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. George, 51 Ryley St., Wangaratta, Vic.

PINEAPPLE WHEEL CAKE

One tin of pineapple (thick round slices), 1/2 cup butter, 2 cups brown sugar, 4 eggs, 1 cup white sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Melt butter, place in bottom of cake tin, cover evenly with brown sugar, place one slice of pineapple (cored) in centre of tin on top of brown sugar, cut rest of pineapple in strips across, arrange these to represent the spokes of a cartwheel radiating from centre piece of pineapple, all round bottom of cake tin. Make a sponge cake mixture, using 4 eggs and 1 cup sugar, beaten for 10 minutes with rotary egg-beater, add 1 cup self-raising flour and a little pineapple juice. Pour this mixture over arranged pineapple wheel, place in a moderate oven and bake until firm, and turn out upside down on plate.

Cook about 35 to 45 minutes. Serve whipped cream on top, if liked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. A. Jensen, 96 Napier St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

VEAL AND BACON PIE WITH VEGETABLE CRUST

One pound veal, 1lb. bacon, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup stock, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 pint strained tomato pulp, 1/2 teaspoon salt, cayenne to taste.

Cut veal into inch dice and place in bottom of greased pie-dish. Dust lightly with pepper, cut bacon in thin strips, and lay on top, then put hard-boiled eggs cut lengthwise. Mix stock with tomato pulp and onion, add salt and cayenne. Pour over meat and eggs, and cover with vegetable crust.

Vegetable Crust: Grate on coarse grater 1 raw carrot, 1 raw parsnip, mix with 2 cups cold mashed potato, season with 2 tablespoons butter or dripping, salt, and pepper.

Mix well and spread on the pie, leaving it rough on top. Bake 1 1/2 hours in moderate oven, keeping crust covered with greased paper for first hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Hodgson, 56 Melford St., Hurststone Park, N.S.W.

GREEKIAN TEA CAKES

Beat 1/2 cup butter and 1/2 cup sugar to a cream, add 2 eggs (singly). Stir in juice of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1/2 cup peanuts (chopped), and 1/2 cup stoned, chopped raisins, then gradually add 1 1/2 cups flour sifted with 1/2 teaspoons baking powder and a good pinch salt.

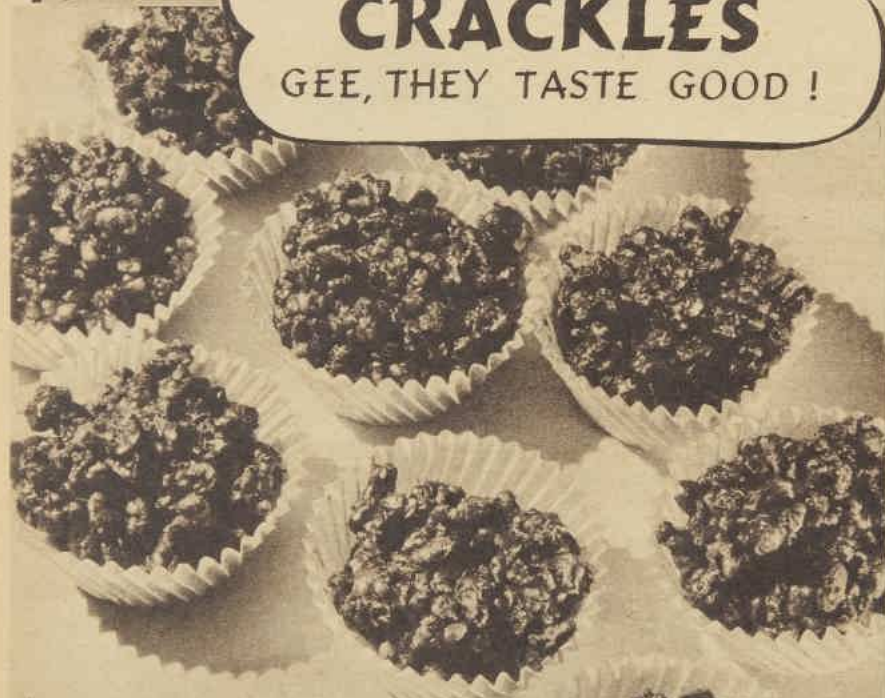
Put into paper containers (small) and bake about 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

When cold, remove paper and ice with orange-peanut icing. About 1 cup icing sugar, 1 1/2 dessertspoons orange juice, and enough peanut butter to make a spreading consistency. Before it sets, scatter shredded orange rind over top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Trenouth, 93a Lower North Rd., Prospect, S.A.



BOY, OH BOY! IT'S AGES
SINCE WE'VE HAD
**CHOCOLATE
CRACKLES**
GEE, THEY TASTE GOOD!



**Made in 5 minutes
... without cooking!**

Maybe it's a while since you've made Chocolate Crackles. Then make them to-day. Nothing so tempting—nothing so popular. Yet they're made in a moment. There's no cooking needed. Truly you can do the most marvellous things with Copha. Never be without a packet on your shelf—it keeps indefinitely. And while you're about it, do try Copha for steamed puddings. It makes them so digestible.



FREE — A book containing 100 Copha recipes. Write to the Copha Company, Dept. WW, Box 2625EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

CHOCOLATE CRACKLES (NO COOKING NEEDED)

5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups)
2 1/2 ozs. Cocoa (3 tablespoons)
2 1/2 ozs. Fine Coconut (1 cup)
8 ozs. Icing Sugar, 8 ozs. COPHA.

Mix dry ingredients, melt COPHA and pour over them. Thoroughly mix and spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity makes from 2 1/2 to 3 dozen.

THE SAME VEGETABLE SHORTENING THAT
MAKES SUCH DIGESTIBLE STEAM PUDDINGS

Cut out and
paste in recipe book.
C.9.17N

Miss Precious Minutes says:

DON'T be dismayed if your hair needs a shampoo and there isn't time to do it before an unexpected date, says Miss Precious Minutes. Joan Crawford (MGM) rubs some powdered orris root through hers, gives it a vigorous brushing, and can face any social emergency with complete confidence.

A DRESSING of egg-white on a shabby suitcase will work wonders. Apply a coating of clear liquid glue to any worn parts, then apply egg-white all over, using a soft rag.

SILKS will last much longer if soap is never applied directly to them when washed. Use soapy water and squeeze gently. Do not rub. Always rinse several times in lukewarm water.

WASH and dry a large unblemished potato and put it in the bottom of the bread-bin. It will keep the bread fresh for quite a while. Change the potato at least once a week.

FOR satin and brocade shoes which have become soiled there is nothing better than rubbing with methylated spirit and bread-crumbs.

WASH chamois gloves in water in which the peel of two oranges has been boiled. When dry the gloves will look like new.

TO prevent cooking odors from invading beyond the kitchen fill a small fruit-tin with vinegar and place it on the back of the stove.

DIAMOND rings (or any claw-set piece of jewellery) can be cleaned by pouring a little gin or whisky into an egg-cup and with a child's paint-brush gently washing the stones, back and front, and the ring. After a wave in the air the spirit will evaporate and the ring be ready to wear.

IN the preparation of fish or meat for cutlets roll in desiccated coconut instead of breadcrumb. The nutty flavor is a change appreciated by many.

Prepare for spring with PETAL-SMOOTH SKIN

● Blustering winter winds play havoc with the delicate tissues of your skin, and leave it looking rough and dry and traced with innumerable little wrinkles. Tone up your skin with bi-weekly massages with a good cream.

By JANETTE



EVEN HEAVY SCREEN MAKE-UP and glaring studio lights do not spoil the delicate charm of Peggy Moran's complexion. In this series of photographs this attractive Universal starlet shows how massage helps her to retain the youthful beauty of her skin.



SO MANY WOMEN think that care of the face doesn't go beyond the throatline, but the throat and neck are vastly important to feminine beauty. A good, rich tissue cream should be stroked lightly downwards at the front of the neck, with cupped hands, and upwards firmly at the sides, following to the back of the neck with a final circulating massage to loosen the tightened neck muscles.

□ □ □

EXPOSURE TO SUN and wind causes dryness and lines around the eyes. Massage is the best cure—firm, upward strokes along the edges of the eyes, using a special eye cream or good skin food.



TO SOOTHE HEADACHES and smooth away those little worry lines on the forehead and between the brows, put plenty of your favorite face cream on the hands and massage with light, swift strokes from the centre of the forehead outwards.



SPECIAL CARE must be taken to prevent sagging chin muscles. After massaging with firm outward strokes, wipe off the cream and under the chin place a towel wrung out in very hot water. Finish by patting briskly with a stimulating skin lotion.

Make this a page from YOUR life

Perfect romance does not belong to fiction only—it is the birthright of every girl. To be born beautiful is not so important as to know the art of fascination—most of all the appeal of a petal-smooth skin. For even an ordinary complexion takes on a smooth and pearl-like finish with Erasmic Face Powder. Delicate as chiffon, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its fragrance surrounding you with an unforgettable charm.

The soft light and haunting melody lulled them into a world all their own. "To my bride," he said, "may our honeymoon last all our lives."



(PEACH, RACHEL, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN AND NATURAL)
Erasmic Cream (Vanishing & Cold) 1/1 tube



ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/1

EJ439

The Doctor Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, both my mother and grandmother suffered from varicose veins. I don't want to do the same, but how can I avoid the trouble?

My part in the war effort entails serving behind a canteen counter, and I've heard that standing for long hours is responsible for varicose veins. Is this right?

DOCTOR: Although doctors do not see nearly as many cases of varicose veins and ulcers to-day as they did twenty years ago—probably because in these modern days women lead more athletic lives—nevertheless the complaint is still too frequent.

The enthusiastic young women of to-day, in their anxiety to help the national effort, should remember to save their legs as much as possible.

Varicose veins are like blood pressure. Whether you have these troubles in later life will be decided by how you live in the years from 20 to 40. As you sow, so shall you reap.

A sound working rule for the prevention of enlarged veins is never to stand while you may sit, and never to sit while you may lie.

But, before I tell you how to prevent varicose veins, I think you should try to understand how veins become knobby or varicose.

In your schooldays you learnt

About preventing varicose veins

something of the circulation of the blood.

You learnt how that powerful pumping vessel, the heart, sent the blood along the canals, or arteries, branching off smaller and smaller till they reached even the most outlying portion of the body, and how the small thread-like capillaries joined up again into veins to return the blood to the heart and lungs for replenishing with oxygen, etc.

From the arms and head and upper parts of the body the returning blood has an easy journey, but from the feet and legs it has to run uphill, and this is the start of the trouble.

Naturally, the uphill journey is slow, and if the circulation is poor it tends also to be sluggish, and so the strain on the walls of the veins is very great.

In time they stretch under the strain, bulging and knotting where the pressure is greatest, and so varicose veins are formed, standing out in a bulgy knot while the patient is on her feet, and empty and unnoticed when she is lying down.

Although varicose veins are not unknown among men, it is the women who are the greater sufferers. This is because their softer muscles offer less support to the veins, they constrict their abdomens

with corsets and their legs with garters, and, in addition, have the added burden of child-bearing.

Poor circulation, flabby muscles, and ill-balanced meals are all predisposing causes of varicose veins, and the woman who wishes to prevent them should try hard to avoid these causes.

She should also avoid clothes that are too tight and garters that restrict the proper circulation of blood in the legs.

A well-balanced diet with a good proportion of the foundation foods keeps the system in good working order, keeps your liver from becoming sluggish, and tones up your muscles.

It is the too-frequent bread and butter and tea diet which makes the tissues flabby and the circulation sluggish.

Plenty of exercise, some outdoor sport or physical culture also helps to keep you in good trim.

Adequate rest with the feet up is also important. I know that in these times you feel you must go on no matter how tired your legs become, but if you look carefully you will find opportunity for resting your legs.

The girl who refuses to take care now is the woman who will suffer from varicose veins in the years to come.

Medical science to-day can do much to help varicose veins. The modern injection treatment, if given early, can do wonders.

But, remember—prevention is better than cure.



ALTHOUGH the Dionne Quintuplets have been facing motion picture cameras since infancy, they are just becoming film fans themselves. They were very thrilled when they saw their first screen programme recently, and in these two flashlight pictures you see their reactions. Left to right: Yvonne, Marie, Emilie, Annette, Cecile.



In your garden—evergreen and evergrey

EVERGREENS can be used most effectively in association with shrubs and plants that have grey foliage, where both provide contrast and lend themselves to the beautification of the garden.

Glossy-foliated shrubs can be used in rear positions, and some of the best which can now be set out in the garden are coprosma, acalypha, marginata, cotoneaster salicifolia, olives, holly, arbutus, blue-berry ash, gaultheria, and berberis darwinii.

In front of them clumps of santolina with its greyish-white foliage; cineraria maritima, similarly foliaged; dwarf lavender or rosemary, hyssop, or silver holly could be grown.

Santolina or cotton lavender used to be seen in almost every garden many years ago, but is rarely grown to-day. This is probably due to its rather straggly habit, but its foliage is not only lovely but sweetly

● The modern attitude to evergreens differs from that of years ago. Formerly they were used as sombre backgrounds or to fill gaps in shrubberies. To-day evergreens are used effectively and also to save work.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

fragrant, and if clipped or pruned back regularly develops into a lovely shrub.

Santolina, like hyssop, which is also a rarity in our gardens to-day, can be raised very easily from slips. Hyssop takes as kindly to clipping as does lavender itself, a method that is rarely adopted to-day for some unexplained reason.

For week-end cottages where the gardens are rarely watered or attended, the plants mentioned are ideal, and give a real Old-World effect in a few years.

Catmint is another low-growing, greyish-leaved plant that makes an excellent small hedge along a rockery or bank.

For folk who like color in the garden, instead of sombre greens and greys, I can recommend generous plantings of rhus, cotinus, euonymus atropurpureus, diervilla purpuris, berberis thunbergii, prunus nigra, pyrus eleyi, and in cool districts Ilex aurea.

I can also recommend shrubs such as kerria, cornus alba, lonicera japonica, osmanthus aureus, and deciduous azaleas for providing color in the foliage at some time of the year.

For perennials with colored foliage to go with those before mentioned, let me suggest achillea argentea, alyssum saxatile, artemisia lanata, centaurea dealbata, dianthus

(various), eryngium, gypsophila (various), thalicttrum, veronica tiniana, and Wahlenbergia pumilio.

I know a suburban cottage where the background is a hedge of olive, with a lower border hedge of lavender. The two hedges are evergreen and evergrey, and there is never a time when they do not contrast, and the fact that they last for years, as good companions, and save a lot of labor should recommend them to others.

And the same gardener has a wonderful tall hedge of tamarix japonica plumosa. In summer it is covered with plume-like foliage and peculiar sprays of pink blossom. It is more or less deciduous, but very suitable for an exposed position on the sea coast in sandy soil, but I have seen it thriving 300 miles inland near bays and good creeks, and I can recommend it as a hardy shrub. When grown in company with tree lucerne, or tall saltbush, the two contrast splendidly, soft green and grey.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Value of Nursery Schools

THE value of the Nursery School is now widely recognised. In an environment specially designed to meet the various needs of the toddler the child learns to develop a spirit of independence, and enjoys the companionship of other children of his own age.

For "only" children the Nursery School is invaluable.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request and an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

DO YOU KNOW?

SHEARING SHEEP with FISH JAW!

THE NATIVES OF THE ABIPONES SHEAR SHEEP WITH THE JAW OF A PALOMETA A FISH WITH FOURTEEN TEETH IN EACH JAW AND EACH TOOTH AS SHARP AS A BLADE!

DRAGON'S BLOOD AS DENTIFRICE!

ANCIENT RECEIPTS (KEEPE) Says: "TAKE MASTIC AND DRAGON'S BLOOD, OF EACH A SUFFICIENT QUANTITY—POWDER THEM AND MIX THEM TOGETHER, AND LET THE PATIENT USE THEM AS A DENTIFRICE."

TO-DAY'S SCIENTIFIC DENTIFRICE IS KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS GUARDS AGAINST DENTAL DECAY—CLEANS TEETH SURGICALLY—LEAVES THEM SPARKLING with NEW LOVELINESS.

"BACTERIAL MOUTH" is THE CAUSE OF DENTAL DECAY. DENTAL AUTHORITIES AGREE THAT DEADLY DENTAL DECAY GERMS ON CHUSE "BACTERIAL MOUTH". KILL DECAY GERMS AND STOP "BACTERIAL MOUTH" by using KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS CLEANS YOUR TEETH ENAMEL, KOLYNOS LEAVES RIGHT DOWN TO THE WHITE ENAMEL. KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG REMEMBER, KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. YOU NEED ONLY 1/2 INCH DRY

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 and 2/3

GIANT JAPANESE EMPEROR WITH DOUBLE ROW OF TEETH

EMPEROR HANSHO WAS A GIANT! 9 FEET 2 1/2 INCHES IN HEIGHT—AND HE HAD A DOUBLE ROW OF WONDERFUL TEETH—EACH OF WHICH WAS MEASURED 1 INCH LONG AND 1 1/4 INCH WIDE! YOU CAN KEEP YOUR TEETH WONDERFULLY CLEAN AND WHITE with KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS CLEANS TEETH ANTISEPTICALLY

THE SERI (SOUTH CALIFORNIAN INDIANS) USE THEIR TEETH AND CLAWS LIKE BEASTS

DELICATE PASTEL SCHEME

● A uniform pastel color scheme throughout the house, an interesting blush-pink treatment of the walls, an unusually useful large square vestibule, and a cool arched patio overlooking the garden are features of Mrs. R. H. Bettington's home.



THE GRAND PIANO stands in the corner of the square hall, which has been made into an interesting and unusual corner of the house. Cream curtains separate it from the small hall and front door, and the cream brocade also covers the deep armchairs, while the all-over carpet is in softest shade of cinnamon-tan.



GREY FLOOR COVERINGS and palest pink walls set off the quilted glazed chintz covering the lounge and chairs with their pattern of cream-and-gold roses. A long bookcase fills up the space at the side of the fireplace, which has an amusing cover of striped brocade in deep mushroom and cream over its simple brickwork. A long tapestry-covered firestool gives character to the room.



IN THE BEDROOM, glazed chintz floor-length curtains, a padded quilt of matching chintz, frilled taffeta for the dressing-table and stool, done in softest shades of mushroom-pink and cinnamon, with a touch of green. The all-over carpet is a warmer shade of pink with a shadow diamond pattern of cinnamon.



INTERESTING TREATMENT of arches and pillars is a feature of the cool patio overlooking the garden. Simple cane lounges with loose green covers, small round green-topped tables make it an ideal spot on hot summer days.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

ON entering Mrs. Bettington's home and walking into the square vestibule through the heavy curtains that screen it from the small hall and front door, one sees that a comfortable room has been constructed from what in most houses is waste space.

The stairway ascends from the centre of the vestibule, its cinnamon carpet being a continuation of the hall floor-covering. On the pale pink walls are four old sporting prints. Comfortable chairs, a desk and chair, indirect lighting by means of tall, cream, standard lamps give it a cosy air.

A direct contrast to the rest of the house is the dining-room, which, since it is small and not so brightly lit as the rest of the house, has a brilliant white finish to its walls. The curtains are Directoire stripes in maroon and white, and on the floor is a Persian rug in shades of blue and maroon.

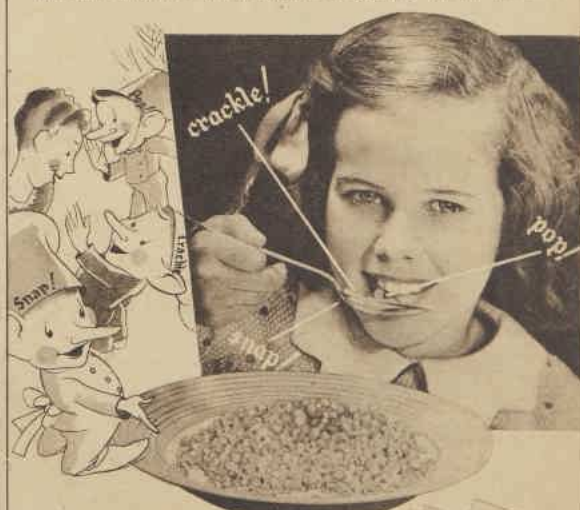


WROUGHT-IRON UPRIGHTS painted cream and a highly-polished handrail make the delicately designed stairway more interesting. Contrasting with the blush-pink walls is the deep cinnamon carpet. A carved mahogany desk stands at the foot of the stairs, which lead into the centre of the square vestibule.



"Just look at Freda," said Snap, Crackle and Pop. "There she is sulking away in the corner because Mummy wouldn't let her go off to school till she'd eaten her breakfast. And THIS is what happens nearly every morning."

"Cheer up," said Snap, Crackle and Pop to Mummy Jones. "We'll soon fix Freda with this plateful of Kellogg's oven-popped rice. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles go Snap, Crackle and Pop when you pour on the milk." No sooner said than done. Freda's tears changed to smiles as soon as she heard all that cute "snap, crackle and popping" on her plate.



Now Freda sits down happily every morning to a big plateful of crunchy golden Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. And this fascinating Snap, Crackle and Pop breakfast is doing her the world of good! Remember, Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are overflowing with energising nourishment that every growing youngster needs. They're easily digested, too! Get a packet of these delicious Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day!

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

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